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NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS, 1895

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New York: 170 *Central Park West*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS POLICE COMMISSIONER*

by AVERY DELANO ANDREWS

Police Commissioner of New York, 1895–1898

I FIRST MET Theodore Roosevelt in the Mayor's office in the City Hall on the morning of May 6, 1895, when he was sworn in as a member of the Police Board. Having been a Commissioner since February 14th, I had been invited by Mayor Strong to be present when the oath of office was administered to my future associates.

The other new members of the Board, appointed at the same time, were Colonel Frederick D. Grant, eldest son of President U. S. Grant, and Andrew D. Parker, a Democratic politician.

* The following article consists of excerpts from General Andrews' unpublished memoirs, entitled: "Citizen in Action: The Story of Theodore Roosevelt as Police Commissioner," of which the 212-page typescript may be consulted at the Theodore Roosevelt Association at The Theodore Roosevelt House, 28 East 20th Street, New York City, having been presented by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, president of the Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission.

Grant, like myself, was a graduate of West Point. He had resigned after several years' service and become active in Republican politics, had run unsuccessfully for the post of Secretary of State of New York, and served as U.S. minister to Vienna. Parker was a lawyer of exceptional ability who had been wished upon the Mayor by a small offshoot of Tammany Hall, known as the County Democracy, which had supported Strong's election but actually had no interest in his reform administration other than to secure such political plums as might be available. Like Tammany, this group recognized that, as a Democrat, I was politically a total loss, and were determined to have at least one of their own party on the Board on whose partisanship they could count. The men around the Mayor knew Parker to be smooth, plausible, indirect in his methods and wholly unpredictable; and warned him to look out, but Strong, who had originally been proposed as a candidate by the County Democracy, found the pressure in Parker's behalf irresistible. He made the appointment with reluctance and misgivings.

After the three new Commissioners were sworn, the Mayor told us briefly that he expected us to clean up the Police Department and restore it as an efficient and honorable arm of the city government. I then escorted my new associates to 300 Mulberry Street.

Jacob A. Riis, covering Police Headquarters for the *New York Sun*, got the news of Roosevelt's appointment from his editor and shouted it exultantly to Lincoln Steffens who was there for the *Commercial Advertiser*. Let Steffen tell what followed:

> . . . within an hour up walked T.R. and three other gentlemen. . . . I said that they walked. I mean that they came on foot; and three of them did walk, but T.R. ran. He came ahead down the street; he yelled, "Hello, Jake," to Riis, and running up the stairs to the front door of police headquarters, he waved us reporters to follow. We did. With the police officials standing around watching, the new board went up to the second story, where the old commissioners were waiting in their offices.
>
> T.R. seized Riis, who introduced me, and still running, he asked questions: "Where are our offices? Where is the board room? What do we do first?" Out of the half-heard answers he gathered the way to the board

room, where the old commissioners waited, like three of the new commissioners, stiff, formal, and dignified. Not T.R. He introduced himself, his colleagues, with hand-shakes, and then called a meeting of the new board; had himself elected president—this had been prearranged[1]—and then adjourned to pull Riis and me with him into his office.

"Now, then, what'll we do?"

It was all breathless and sudden, but Riis and I were soon describing the situation to him, telling him which higher officers to consult, which to ignore and punish; what the forms were, the customs, rules, methods. It was just as if we three were the police board, T.R., Riis, and I, and as we got T.R. calmed down we made him promise to go a bit slow, to consult with his colleagues also. Then we went out into the hall, and there stood the three other commissioners together, waiting for us to go so that they could see T.R.

They did not like it a bit, as Parker told me afterward. "Thinks he's the whole board," he said; and the subsequent split of the Commission was started right then and there.[2]

Whether Steffens was quite as important a mentor to Roosevelt as he thought he was is open to question; but the feud between Roosevelt and Parker, which was to rock the Board, may well have had its beginning in the scene that he describes.

The new President of the Police Board threw himself into his work with the energy and enthusiasm that were to play so large a part in the history of the subsequent fifteen years, doing more work and putting in longer hours than any member of the uniformed force.

Determined to know at first hand how police work was being done at night, Roosevelt started out, when he had been in office but a few days, on those nightly patrols around the city which shortly won him the sobriquet of "Haroun-al-Roosevelt," recalling that caliph of the "Arabian Nights" who took nocturnal walks through Bagdad to make sure that all was well in his home town. As I remember, Roosevelt's first jaunt was made at the suggestion of Jacob Riis, the widely beloved humanitarian and

[1] Steffens slips up here. As the senior Commissioner in length of service, I called the meeting to order and nominated Roosevelt as President of the Board; after which I was elected Treasurer; thus preserving the fiction of bipartisanship by dividing the two executive offices between the two political parties.—A.D.A.

[2] Lincoln Steffens, *Autobiography* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1931), 257–58.

authority upon the life and the social problems of the East Side, and author of a book that became famous, *How the Other Half Lives*. Roosevelt had great respect and admiration for Riis, as indeed did all of us who had an opportunity to know his gentle yet fearless nature. "Of all the men who helped us in our work," Roosevelt pointed out in an article on his work with the New York police, "Riis was the man who helped us most, by advice and counsel, by stalwart, loyal friendship, and by ardent championship of all that was good against all that was evil."[3]

On these patrols, Roosevelt habitually brought a memorandum giving the exact limits of the several posts in the area which he was to visit. On one occasion he went over a certain post four times without finding the patrolman supposed to be covering it. He was about to start for the station-house to order a further search when he found his missing patrolman sitting at an oyster bar on Third Avenue, with a huge quantity of oysters in front of him. Without introducing himself, Roosevelt asked the officer why he was not out on the street patrolling his post.

"What's that to you, and who are you anyway?" demanded the officer.

"You've got a good nerve," put in the waiter behind the counter, "coming in here and interfering with an officer."

"I am Police Commissioner Roosevelt," said the interferer calmly, "and now you get out on your post where you belong!"

"Yes, you are," sneered the patrolman, reaching for more oysters. "You're Grover Cleveland and Mayor Strong, all in a bunch, you are. Move on now, or else—"

"Shut up, Bill," interrupted the oyster-server in a horrified whisper. "It's his Nibs, sure! Don't you see his teeth and glasses?"

On a typical jaunt which we made together, accompanied this time by Roosevelt's friend, Richard Harding Davis, novelist and war correspondent, we left the Union League Club about midnight and, as usual, spent most of our time on the lower East Side. We tramped steadily for several hours, interviewing patrol-

[3] *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1897.

JACOB A. RIIS (1849–1914)
From T.R.'s "Reform through Social Work"
McClure's Magazine, March 1901

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–1919)
Color lithograph, *c.* 1886 when he was running for mayor
The New-York Historical Society

men and wanderers like ourselves without disclosing our identity, occasionally finding a patrolman off beat or otherwise delinquent. It was an interesting study to observe the varied activities of the great city at the close of one day and the beginning of another. About daylight, we dropped into a large and busy restaurant in the Bowery, well filled with patrons even at that early hour. Some newspapermen and other night workers were getting an early breakfast before going to their day's work; the whole scene affording us a glimpse of night life in lower New York, especially interesting to Roosevelt, since as President of the Police Board, he was *ex officio* a member of the Board of Health, and this gave him an added concern for the living conditions and sanitary problems on the East Side.

On one occasion when a patrolman could not, after a long search, be found on his post, we saw a waiter come out from an

all-night restaurant on the East Side carrying several dishes, obviously containing someone's late supper. Not finding his expected patron, and not recognizing either of us who were standing near, the waiter called loudly for the policeman whom we, too, had been looking for. Getting no response, he exclaimed, "Where in blazes does that copper sleep?"

That was what *we* wanted to know. We went to the East Thirty-fifth Street station-house—it was 4 a.m.—and asked the sleepy sergeant who the missing patrolman and roundsman were and where we were likely to find them. The sergeant gave us his name but was vague as to his whereabouts.

"Let's take another look," Roosevelt suggested.

We found the roundsman and two patrolmen leaning against a saloon on 42nd Street.

These jaunts, occasionally by day but generally in the small hours, were, as Riis points out, "not always undertaken solely to wake up the police":

> Roosevelt wanted to know the city by night, and the true inwardness of some of the problems he was struggling with as Health Commissioner; for the President of the Police Board was by that fact a member of the Health Board also. One might hear of overcrowding in tenements for years and not grasp the subject as he could by a single midnight inspection with the sanitary police. He wanted to understand it all, the smallest with the greatest, and sometimes the information he brought out was unique, to put it mildly. I can never think of one of those expeditions without a laugh. We had company that night: Hamlin Garland and Dr. Alexander Lambert were along.[4] In the midnight hour we stopped at a peanut-stand in Rivington Street for provender, and while the Italian made change Roosevelt pumped him on the economic problem he presented. How could he make it pay? No one was out; it did not seem as if his sales could pay for even the fuel for his torch that threw its flickering light upon dark pavements and deserted streets. The peanut-man groped vainly for a meaning in his polite speech, and turned a bewildered look upon the doctor.
>
> "How," said he, coming promptly to the rescue,—"how you make him pay—cash—pan out—monish?"

[4] Garland, the novelist and chronicler of the Middle Border; Lambert, Roosevelt's personal physician and intimate friend, who helped Roosevelt as President to make the decision that cleansed the Panama Canal Zone of yellow fever and made possible the building of the Canal.—A.D.A.

The Italian beamed with sudden understanding. "Nah!" he said, with a gesture eloquent of resentment and resignation in one: "W'at I maka on de peanut I losa on de dam' banan'."[5]

Our friends of the press made much of our nocturnal tramps, both in story and caricature. The appearance out of the darkness of the President of the Police Board reprimanding a delinquent policeman at three or four o'clock in the morning, was as novel to the public as it was startling to the officer concerned. Some of the tales were highly fanciful, but all made the point to police and public alike that the top police commissioner was on the job. However amusing the reports were to the public, Roosevelt's purposes were entirely serious. He wanted certain information and he wanted it at first hand, and, as usual, he got it.

The newspapermen were always anxious to accompany Roosevelt and write up the story from personal observation; but this he would never permit, nor would he ever give them a hint as to when he proposed going on one of these tramps. Riis went as a friend and guide, and did not make a story out of his experiences; nor did Lincoln Steffens, another companion of our midnight rambles who was then a reporter for the New York *Evening Post*, and later came to fame for his exposures of corruption in many cities besides New York.

"One comic feature of the situation here," Roosevelt wrote Lodge, "is that recently several persons supposed to look like me have been followed at night by very unfriendly mobs! However I've never encountered anything unpleasant myself on my midnight patrols."[6]

Roosevelt's nocturnal tramps contributed much, as the *Tribune* pointed out, to "toning up" the force. Policemen, like soldiers and other large bodies of men, respond quickly to the example and inspiration of their leaders.

When a certain patrolman named Nolan showed exceptional

[5] Jacob A. Riis, *Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen* (New York: The Outlook Company, 1904), 144–45.

[6] *Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge 1884–1918* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925), I: 150 (July 14, 1895).

courage in saving a child from drowning, Roosevelt brought the case before the Police Board, and had suitable resolutions adopted. Then he sent for Nolan and publicly presented him with a life-saving medal and an engrossed copy of the Board's resolutions. Another patrolman named Moran who had a record on the force of saving ten persons from drowning while patrolling the water-front, saw a crowd on Pier 6, one January afternoon, watching a boy who had fallen into the water and was being rapidly carried away by the tide. Recognizing that, if the boy's life were to be saved not a moment was to be lost, Moran, with his heavy winter shoes and uniform, plunged at once into the icy water, swam about twenty feet, dove, and brought the boy to the surface and, although almost exhausted himself, drew him to the pier in safety. All such cases were rewarded with life-saving medals and enrolled on the Police Roll of Honor.

"The Board," Roosevelt declared, "feels a personal pride in every act of courage and devotion to duty performed by any member of the force."

Roosevelt's intense activity and watchfulness, his fearlessness, his determination to know what was going on in the force of which he was the head, and his appreciation of loyal service "beyond the call of duty," combined with his virility of manner and speech, his hatred of all sham, fraud and deceit, was impressed over and over again upon every member of the force, and served as a tonic and inspiration to all.[7]

I am myself convinced that the greatest work done by Roosevelt in the Police Department was that of building up its morale and re-establishing discipline.

It was not only at Headquarters or on his nocturnal patrols

[7] Older officers have said in recent years that Roosevelt's influence still persists in the Department, and that, in their opinion, the force can never sink as low as it was before his administration. My own experience in the Department convinced me that, even when conditions were at their worst, the great majority of the men possessed courage and daring which they freely used against riot, disorder, and all crimes of violence; and that they were—or at least wanted to be—sober, self-respecting, and honest. I believe such is the case today. I am glad, after more than sixty years of observation, to pay this deserved tribute to the splendid men of the New York Police Force with whom I had the honor to be associated for nearly three years.—A.D.A.

that Roosevelt carried on the struggle to rebuild the police force in the face of the sullen opposition of the unregenerate elements in the department or the crooked politicians whose income from the sale of appointments and promotions the new Board had terminated. At the end of each long day's work—and it was generally six and often eight o'clock before he left his office—he would speak at some gathering, large or small, to make clear to the public the purposes and procedures of the Police Board. As Civil Service Commissioner he had learned how a minor official without political support in his own party and, indeed against the opposition of the leadership of both the major political parties, could develop strength which the politicians were forced to respect and come to terms with. He had gone to the people, in speeches all over the country, in interviews, and in magazine articles. In quarrels with spoilsmen which he was careful to fight in the open where the public could watch the sparks fly and see who was right or who was wrong, he had painted the picture he wanted the public to see, told the story he had wanted them to

POLICE BADGES, 1889–1898
Courtesy of Mr. Jay Irving

know and understand. Presenting the iniquities of the Spoils System, he had given the names of those who benefitted by it and were determined to perpetuate it, and those who were determined to overthrow it.

So, again, as Police Commissioner, he carried his aims and purposes to the public. He gave the newspapermen free access to him and spoke to them candidly and voluminously. Elihu Root, a leading corporation lawyer and a leader behind the scenes in the Republican Party, who had been one of Roosevelt's sponsors when he entered politics and was to be Secretary of War and Secretary of State in Roosevelt's cabinet, raised a laugh when he introduced the Police Commissioner to one of his many audiences as "distinguished in his new field by his retiring disposition."[8]

The fact was, he accepted every invitation to speak. Even when the gatherings were small, his voice carried far beyond the hall in which he spoke, for the general interest in the reform of the police was so keen that everything he said was carried by the press, generally on the front page. He was not in the least an orator as the term was understood in the Eighteen Eighties, piling up argument on argument to a thunderous peroration. He spoke the things that were on his mind; common things of the daily round on Mulberry Street which his unquestionable sincerity made exciting. Many of the things he said were platitudinous. He knew it, and he did not care. What mattered to him was that they were true. The New York *Herald* complained that in his speeches he identified the Board with himself and was too generous with the first person singular. He saw the point and tried to talk of *we* and *us*, not too successfully.

Rebuilding the police force and administering the department required a single responsible administrator, standing above all political, religious or other divisions, and able to exercise strict and impartial discipline. Though Roosevelt's position as President of the Board gave him the obvious advantage of presiding at all meetings and of being the Board's official spokesman and

[8] New York *Times*, May 29, 1895.

representative, he actually had no more authority than any of the three other Commissioners.[9]

It was perfectly obvious to him from the start—as it was, in fact, to us all—that our work could be done only by hearty and sincere cooperation between the four Commissioners. When common honesty or any other ethical principle was not involved, Roosevelt was always ready to modify or compromise his own position when necessary to get results. Many times, indeed, did he denounce, with his accustomed vigor, those idealists who would stubbornly lose all rather than give and take upon a minor point; or even upon an important one, if no sound principle were involved. Roosevelt also decried those good people who tried to reach their utopian goal at one jump, failing to recognize that progress is generally possible only by a series of wise compromises.

As a presiding officer Roosevelt was disposed to expedite proceedings as much as possible. He made up his own mind quickly and, while allowing reasonable discussion, was impatient at delay or any irrelevant comment. At one meeting which had unavoidably been delayed several hours beyond the usual time, Roosevelt rushed through several matters brought up by the chief clerk with the exclamation, "That goes," to which all agreed. Then, taking up a large bundle of papers, he said, "These all relate to civil service matters. With the Board's permission I will decide them all. Even if I decide some of them wrong, that will be better than taking up the Board's time with them."

In all fundamentals of our work involving appointments and promotions on the basis of merit and fitness alone; the enforcement of law without fear or favor; and, above all, the building up of the morale and discipline of the force, Roosevelt and I were in complete agreement, as anticipated in our correspondence before his appointment.[10]

[9] At the public hearings on the new Greater New York Charter in 1897 we both urged the Board's abolition and the substitution of a single commissioner, such as now established; but this change was not made until several years later.—A.D.A.

[10] At that time I knew Roosevelt by reputation only, never having met him, but

There were questions of national politics on which we disagreed widely, [*Roosevelt wrote;*[11]] but such questions could not enter into the administration of the New York police, if that administration was to be both honest and efficient; and, as a matter of fact, during my two years' service, Mr. Andrews and I worked in absolute harmony on every important question of policy which arose. The prevention of blackmail and corruption, the repression of crime and violence, safeguarding of life and property, securing honest elections, and rewarding efficient and punishing inefficient police service, are not, and cannot properly be made, questions of party difference. In other words, such a body as the police force of New York can be wisely and properly administered only upon a nonpartisan basis, and both Mr. Andrews and myself were quite incapable of managing it on any other.

As Roosevelt said, we worked closely together at all times, although, as one was a Republican and the other a Democrat, this was quite contrary to the theory of a bipartisan board. But as I had no political history other than that of being an independent Democrat, and my appointment as one of the two Democratic members of the Board was considered by the Democratic politicians as a total loss, I was, happily, free to act with a minimum of political interference.

It had, indeed, been my lack of Democratic partisanship which had sharpened the pressure upon Mayor Strong to the point where he had been forced to make the other Democratic member of the Board a representative of a recognized political organization. Andrew Parker had the ability to be an excellent police commissioner. Unfortunately, he lacked the moral character and standards of conduct essential to the post. There could have been no greater contrast between the character and methods of two

---

knowing of the Mayor's offer, I wrote him, expressing my personal pleasure and satisfaction at the prospect of his appointment, welcoming him to the Board, and warning him against possible friction. "My experience in the Department had convinced me," I told him, "of the absolute necessity of having all members of the Board united in a sincere and earnest effort to administer the affairs of the Department solely for the good of the public." "No letter could have given me greater pleasure than yours," Roosevelt answered. "When the Mayor first asked me to take the place, . . . I told him . . . that with you I was sure I could join in doing my best for the city's welfare. . . . I am very sure, my dear sir, that you and I will . . . [never have] a difference on any question of principle or policy. . . ."—A.D.A.

[11] *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1897.

men than those between the open and emphatic Roosevelt and the secretive and evasive Parker: the one, the outspoken reformer, the other, primarily and always the scheming politician, subterranean in his processes, the "incorrigible political intriguer" as one editor described him, "doing everything in a roundabout and indirect manner because trickery is his chief delight."[12] As an illustration, indeed, of the hungry and unscrupulous politician in a public office of great responsibility, Parker proved the perfect example, as well as a public warning.

"Parker," writes Steffens, "had it in for T.R. who, he said, was stepping up on the police job as a ladder to something higher."[13]

Parker found an ally in the fourth Commissioner. Frederick D. Grant was a distinguished officer and gentleman, considerably older than any of the other members, and inclined to attach some importance to that fact. He had been a colonel in the Army, and well known to the public when Roosevelt, Parker and I had been boys at school. He was politically ambitious, moreover. While Roosevelt leaned backward to avoid granting favors to his own party in any political question which affected the department, Grant was susceptible to political or social influences; a susceptibility of which the Republican machine, in its opposition to Roosevelt, did not fail to make full use.

The time of Roosevelt's police commissionership was the heyday of the political boss and of party machines. They were flourishing, in fact, with a power and a truculent authority which has not been equalled since. It was the day of Croker and Murphy in New York City, of Hill and Platt in the State, of Quay and Penrose in Pennsylvania, Gorham in Maryland and Hanna in Ohio, to mention only a few. Between these men and Roosevelt there was a chasm deeper than any personal antagonism. A new wind was blowing through American politics. Roosevelt represented a generation that was sick and tired of the political despot-

[12] New York *Evening Post*.
[13] Steffens, *Autobiography*, 258.

ism and corruption of the bosses, their alliance with "big business," and their ruthless manipulation of the subservient machines they sent forth to do battle against any new idea that might raise its head, and any effort to cleanse the political atmosphere in the city, the State or the nation.

In New York City the two political machines—the Democratic under "boss" Croker and the Republican under "bosses" Platt and Lauterbach, had long worked harmoniously in the Police Department, dividing the patronage and sharing the rich benefits which are always within the control of the police of a great city. The bipartisan nature of the Police Board, itself the product of a political "deal," invited the application of the old rule of all deals—addition, division, and silence. While the two Commissioners, representing each of the two leading political parties, were nominally selected by the Mayor, they had been, in fact, selected by their respective political machines. Naturally, they served the machines and bosses who had appointed them, and not the public.

Roosevelt believed in party organization, provided always that its purpose was the public good and not private gain. Even when he differed basically from the party leadership, and fought the party bosses with every weapon in his armory, he persisted in fighting for his objectives from within the party rather than form new organizations, and fighting from the outside. In this policy he differed from many Independents, from whom he often received considerable support, but whom he freely criticized for not making their support effective by working through party organizations instead of scattering it through numerous small and ineffective groups.

To understand and appreciate the career of Theodore Roosevelt as Police Commissioner, one must bear in mind his passion for good government, amounting, as Bishop[14] had said to Parker, almost to religious devotion. There was behind it the sense that

[14] Joseph B. Bishop, life-long friend of Roosevelt and author of *Theodore Roosevelt and His Time*.

the very existence of free institutions was involved. Liberty meant responsibility, he said, in effect; responsibility for the community, the city, the State, the nation. It meant the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. It meant fellowship among men; courage; common sense. Burning with these convictions, it was natural for him to be in violent collision, most of the time, with men whose actions in public life followed other standards. "Platt's leadership is simply poisonous," he wrote Lodge,[15] "I cannot go in with him; no honest man of sincerity can. . . . Just as long as the party is under his domination, it is no better than the old ring of Democracy that we overthrew."

Yet, while denouncing the bosses of his own party, and meticulously practicing what he preached regarding the exclusion of political considerations and party politics from municipal affairs—emphatically so in building up the demoralized Police Department—he maintained his political regularity, and no amount of abuse, misrepresentation or ridicule, either by Independents or regulars, caused him to abandon or modify in the slightest degree, his chosen course.

The fact that one of Roosevelt's colleagues—Grant—was linked by partisan loyalty to those "higher powers" that Wister referred to,[16] and another, Parker, by a determination to "get" Roosevelt at all costs, brought Roosevelt and myself into a relationship we might never otherwise have found. The further fact that the work we were trying to do rested on a principle—complete non-partisanship—and demanded the constant vigilance of men in battle, gave our collaboration depth and tenacity and raised it to the level of enduring friendship.

Roosevelt's office as President of the Board was on the third floor of 300 Mulberry Street. My office as Treasurer was on the second floor, directly under Roosevelt's and connected with it by an iron spiral stairway. Why and when this stairway had been

[15] *Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge*, I: 175.

[16] Owen Wister, *Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship 1880–1919* (New York: Macmillan, 1930), 52.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS, 300 MULBERRY STREET

Woodcut by A. E. Costello in

Our Police Protectors ([New York:] 1885), p. 154

constructed I never could learn; possibly when secret meetings and political deals at Police Headquarters were more common than in our day. It was useful to us, however, since it gave us the opportunity to hold conferences at any time without attracting undue attention.

Our official duties naturally brought us together several times a day. We often took luncheon together, moreover, at a dairy-lunch near Police Headquarters, patronized by newspaper men, peddlers, clerks and policemen; and occasionally dined together

at the Century Club, of which we were both members. Weekends, moreover, Roosevelt frequently invited me to Sagamore Hill,[17] his home at Oyster Bay, on the North Shore of Long Island, where, on land and water, he found ample opportunity for those sports which he and all his family loved so well. Wherever we were, or whatever we were doing, Roosevelt almost invariably turned the conversation into a discussion of the current problems of the police, whose affairs seemed to be always uppermost in his mind. An expression which he frequently used in these discussions was his ambition to make the Police Department "as clean as a hound's tooth."

A striking feature of Roosevelt's character was that, if he trusted you at all, he trusted you completely and in all things. This was proven many times in our personal relations. For instance, he paid little or no attention to the financial affairs of the department for which I, as treasurer, was primarily responsible. In those days, contrary to the procedure in other city departments whose disbursements were made by and subject to the approval of the Comptroller of the city, the treasurer of the Police Board received the budget allotment for the department in twelve monthly checks, maintained its own bank accounts and disbursed its own funds. He made up the department budget, moreover, represented the department at meetings of the Board of Estimate, and was, in every way, the financial authority of the department, as well as the custodian of the Police Pension Fund which then had a surplus of several hundred thousand dollars over and above current requirements.

Except when our proposed budget or other occasional matters came formally before the Board, I cannot recall that Roosevelt ever took an interest in our financial affairs; though I would have welcomed his more active interest in our finances. As I disbursed over my own signature many millions of dollars of public funds each year, I appreciated his confidence, which was not limited to

[17] In 1953, Sagamore Hill was dedicated as a national shrine by President Eisenhower and has since been open to the public.

financial matters. Many other issues on which we were in general agreement he left largely to my discretion.

My visits to Oyster Bay commenced before the days of automobiles. Ordinarily I was met at the Oyster Bay station by an open depot wagon for the drive of two or three miles to Sagamore Hill. On one of these drives, while passing through some woods near Sagamore Hill, I was suddenly greeted by several well-directed volleys of green apples, coming from the woods nearby. The attacking party was not visible, the volleys evidently having been thrown, in true skirmishing form, from the shelter of rocks and trees; but knowing something of the children of the neighborhood, I jumped quickly to the ground, picked up a few of their apples and opened a counter offensive in the direction from which the volleys came. There was at once a general scattering of boys and girls in all directions, hastened and accompanied by my return volleys.

At supper that evening the elder children were at the table as usual, including Alice (then a girl in short dresses, later Mrs. Nicholas Longworth), Theodore, Jr., and probably Kermit, Ethel (later Mrs. Richard Derby), and Archie. In response to a courteous inquiry from Mrs. Roosevelt concerning my trip down from the city, I replied that I had particularly enjoyed the drive from the station to the house. There were at once audible snickers from the children and a quizzical look on Roosevelt's face as he turned from one to the other, but nothing was said. I do not know what, if anything, occurred thereafter, except that on the following morning Theodore, Jr., came to me and said his father had told him to apologize to me for pelting me with green apples; that he was very glad to do so because, although they were merely following their usual sport, they would not have pelted me if they had known I was their father's guest![18]

Sagamore Hill was a delightful home to visit. Mrs. Roosevelt was always the ideal hostess, and, like her husband, had the happy

[18] In later years, Theodore, Jr., who led his regiment with such gallantry in France in the first World War, and in the second, died as a brigadier general in the Normandy invasion, occasionally referred to the day when he led an assaulting column of children, armed with green apples, against his father's guest. – A.D.A.

SAGAMORE HILL, THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S HOME, OYSTER BAY, L. I.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood at New-York Historical Society

faculty of making her guests feel at once that they were welcome members of the family circle, who were expected to be active participants in the family sports. There were always long tramps, swimming, boating, and often a picnic on the Sound. On many of these occasions the children were with us, with children of relatives and neighbors, as well. I remember one picnic at a somewhat distant point on the Sound when we were caught, on the return trip, far from home in a heavy rain-storm with high wind. Everyone was soaked; but all seemed to enjoy it. Roosevelt rowed one boat and I the other; and, when we were safely back at Sagamore Hill, at least one of the oarsmen had had about all the rowing in rough water with a boatload of children that he cared for.

Apart from the fellowship I enjoyed with Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill, two incidents of our personal relationship during the Police Commission days stand out in my memory.

As an officer of the New York National Guard, serving at that time as Engineer Officer of the First Brigade on the staff of Gen-

eral Louis Fitzgerald, I had a box one evening at the annual Military Show in the old and original Madison Square Garden, and invited Roosevelt to be my guest. Later, hearing that my West Point classmate and intimate friend, John J. Pershing, was in town, on leave, I asked him to join us. Pershing was then a lieutenant of the 10th U.S. Cavalry and had had several years' service in the Far West, including considerable Indian warfare with both the Apaches and Sioux. Pershing and Roosevelt had never met. They had much in common; both were expert horsemen; both were lovers of outdoor life and both had roughed it in the West. They spent the evening swapping experiences, parting in a friendship which was to continue through Roosevelt's life.

The other incident to which I referred had no such historic significance as the meeting of Pershing and Roosevelt but it brought out amusingly one facet of Roosevelt's personality.

Late one afternoon a delegation of newspaper men called at my office and urged me to be their guest at a big prize fight that evening. Prize fighting, or boxing, to use the legally correct term, was then allowed in clubs only, and always under the control and supervision of the police; but the accepted definition of clubs and club members was broad and elastic. My newspaper friends urged me to go with them upon the ground that the contest was between two of the most popular lightweights of the day, "Kid" Lavigne and "Terry" McGovern, was sure to attract a large crowd, and was important enough to warrant the personal attention of a Police Commissioner. I told them that an inspector had already been placed in charge of the affair and that I could see no necessity for my presence. But they urged me so strongly, and my relations with the gentlemen of the press had always been so pleasant, that I consented to go.

The attitude of the public toward these contests has changed greatly in the last sixty years. They were then held in comparatively small halls, and the attendance was trifling compared with the huge audiences of today, filling great out-of-door arenas. Men only, who were technically club members, were admitted.

The attendance of persons prominent in public or business affairs was rather infrequent, and was usually a matter of comment, if not of hostile criticism. It was not surprising, therefore, that on the following morning the newspapers made rather pointed reference to the fact that a member of the reform Police Board had been among those present.

Immediately upon arriving at my office I heard a familiar clatter upon the iron stairway and Roosevelt literally dropped into my room, waving a morning newspaper.

"Did you do that?" he shouted.

"Did I do what?"

"Did you go to that prize fight last night, as this paper says?"

"Certainly I did. What about it?" I told him of the invitation by our newspaper friends.

"Andrews," Roosevelt replied with mock severity, "that is the only mean thing I ever knew you to do. Those newspaper men came to me yesterday and urged me to go with them. I really wanted to see that fight, but I was afraid that some of our critical friends might make such a fuss over my attendance that I decided not to go. If I had known you were going, I would have gone with you in a minute!"

In 1895 there were no automobiles on the streets requiring traffic regulation by the police, but there were many varieties of horse-drawn vehicles and literally swarms of bicycles. There were reckless drivers, often drunken drivers, and speeding bicyclists commonly known as "scorchers"; but no effort had ever been made by the police to regulate traffic. Not only were there no traffic rules or traffic lights, but there was no traffic squad, no traffic court, nor even a traffic "cop," now so generally seen at busy intersections.

At that time the bicycle was almost as popular as its successor, the automobile, is today; all classes and ages eagerly availed themselves of this new form of rapid transit. As a bicycle enthusiast myself, I became convinced that a patrolman on a bicycle, if really expert and well-mounted, would, in many cases,

ONE OF THE BICYCLE SQUAD (ILLUS. BY JAY HAMBRIDGE)
From T.R.'s "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police" in
The Century Illustrated Magazine, October 1897, p. 813

have a decided advantage over an officer on foot, particularly in the regulation of traffic on our busiest streets. I therefore proposed to the Board, as an experiment, to mount four picked men on wheels and to assign them to special duty on streets where traffic congestion was greatest. Bicycles had never been used in police-work anywhere in the world, so far as I have been able to discover, and the Board was inclined to take a somewhat humorous view of my proposal; but Roosevelt, who was at first sceptical, became interested and finally enthusiastic, with the result that the Board agreed to a trial.

The first four men to be mounted on bicycles were carefully selected from sixty applicants, and were assigned to posts on Eighth Avenue and on the Boulevard, both heavy traffic streets. They started out by arresting reckless and drunken drivers, overhauling and stopping runaway teams, arresting speeding bicycle riders, aiding congested traffic, running down and catching thieves and pickpockets, and generally covering their long posts with such success that there was soon a public demand for more bicycle police. In an early report made by the Chief of Police to the Board he called particular attention to the good work of the bicycle squad in the regulation of traffic of all kinds, and recommended an extension of the service. In this experiment of mine was the beginning of police regulation of traffic on the streets of New York; a problem which has continued ever since to grow in importance and complexity.

An early incident in the history of the bicycle police, of which the newspapers made quite a story, was the arrest one evening by one of the original four bicycle policemen, of Joseph H. Choate's[19] coachman for driving after dark without having lighted his coach-lamps. Like the good citizen that he was, Mr. Choate drove at once to the station-house where he gave bail for his coachman, and then, next morning, appeared in police court, where his coachman was fined and released.

[19] Mr. Choate, one of New York's greatest lawyers and most felicitous wits, was subsequently American ambassador to the Court of St. James.

When the annual Police Parade was resumed in 1896, having been omitted the previous year when the Department was in disfavor—"We will parade again," Roosevelt had said, "when we have something to boast about"—the Bicycle Squad was easily the most novel and admired feature. It was the "Finest of the Finest," the *corps d'élite* of the Department. Brooklyn and other cities followed our lead, and soon bicycle police were seen everywhere. Naturally these exploits attracted much favorable comment from the public and press, and the Board soon enlarged the squad and made the bicycle police a permanent part of the force. As almost every young man in the force applied to join the bicycle squad, selections were made only after severe competitive tests in riding, and only from those candidates having excellent police records. My experimental squad of four was eventually enlarged to nearly one hundred picked men under suitable command, with their own station-house, and with a special uniform adapted to their work.

In these days of automobiles and motorcycles everywhere, it is hard to believe that a policeman mounted on a bicycle could possibly be such a novelty as he certainly was in the middle Nineties. We received many inquiries from other cities, not only in this country but across the sea, expressing curiosity and seeking information and advice. Were the press reports of our putting policemen on wheels actually serious, or were the newspapers merely "spoofing"! Paris was severely sceptical, and French newspapers at first treated the subject with considerable suspicion and even ridicule; but only a few years later I was somewhat amused, and perhaps slightly indignant, when my own cab in Paris was treated somewhat summarily, I thought, by a gendarme mounted on a bicycle. My limited command of the French language prevented me from attempting to explain that, in a somewhat remote way, I was responsible for his mount.

Roosevelt took pride in the success of the bicycle police and publicly commended their feats of daring and bravery. He supported my requests for more men and money; and with charac-

teristic courtesy and generosity, always referred to the squad as "your bicycle police" or "Andrews' bicycle police." In addition to the introduction of bicycle police, and taking the first steps to regulate traffic on New York's busy streets, the Roosevelt Board undertook, in several other respects, to improve the equipment and technique of the police service.

Of all the innovations we introduced, the one that was most startling and, indeed, incredible to the old-timers on the force—not to speak of the politicians, the saloon-keepers and the general public—was honesty and the repudiation of "the pull." In this field, Roosevelt's leadership, courage, and determination, matched in quantity and quality by his feeling for people, accomplished what no one dared hope could be done. His primary achievement was to convince the force that an honest police commissioner was possible.

> Roosevelt's campaign for the reform of the police force became the moral issue of the day. It swept the cobwebs out of our civic brains, and blew the dust from our eyes, so that we saw clearly where all had been confusion before; saw straight rather. We rarely realize, in these latter days, how much of our ability to fight for good government, and our hope of winning the fight, is due to the campaign of honesty waged by Theodore Roosevelt in Mulberry Street.[20]

What emerged for New York City from Roosevelt's turbulent years as Police Commissioner was a police force with a morale, a faith in a square deal for "the man with the night stick," and a tradition of law enforcement which survived the corruption of succeeding administrations and made the men, admitted to the force in Roosevelt's administration, wear, like a medal of honor the designation of "Roosevelt cop."

What emerged for the nation was a record of public service which was to give substance, after the Spanish War, to a popular hero's evanescent fame, help make him President of the United States and give posterity an enduring symbol of that "agressive fighting for the right" which Theodore Roosevelt called "the noblest sport the world affords."

[20] Riis, *Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen*, 154.

The King of the Vultures. | The Ourang Outang; or, Wild-Woman of the woods. | The Fait-India Parrot.

MUSEUM & WAX-WORK,

At the EXCHANGE, NEW-YORK,

The Public are informed that this AMERICAN MUSEUM contains an extenfive Collection of the Productions of Nature and Art: Among which are the following

A NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

1 A PERFECT Horn that grew out of a woman's head in this city, it is about five inches in length, and grew from behind the right ear.

LIVING ANIMALS.

2 A Porcupine from the Eaft Indies, the only one ever feen in America: His quills are very long and formidable, and conſidered as a great curioſity.

3. The Ant Bear, from the coaſt of Patigonia, a beautiful animal, and the only one ever brought to this country.

4. The American Grey Squirrel, in a machine, in which he grinds pepper for his living. With a number of other animals.

LIVING BIRDS.

5. A King of the Vultures, from South-America: This remarkable bird is about as large as a turkey, the head and neck is beautiful, and reſembles the head of an Indian when painted and decorated in an elegant ſtile.

6. The American Eagle, very large and gay.

PRESERVED ANIMALS.

7. The male and female Ourang Outangs, or, the man and woman of the woods, with a Foetus of the ſame, perfect in ſpirits, in a fine ſtate of preſervation, from Africa, the greateſt natural curioſities in America.

8. The American Buffalo, in his natural ſtanding poſition, while alive.

9. The Brazil Porcupine.

10. The Armidillo, from Terra Del Fugo.

11. Several American Alligators.

12. Several Monkeys, of different ſpecies.

13. The Sloth, from South-America, ſaid to be the moſt ſlothful of all animals.

14. A Lamb, with two perfect heads and necks complete, and with but one body, from Brunſwick, (New-Jerſey.)

15. A Tooth of the American non-deſcribed animal, called the Mammoth, ſuppoſed to be four or five times as large as the modern Elephant: This tooth is upwards of ſeven inches through, and four thick, and weighs upwards of four pounds; was found in April, 1792, at the great Salt Licks, near the River Ohio, in Kentucky.

16. A head of a Sea Lion, from Faulkland Iſlands: With a great variety of other animals.

PRESERVED BIRDS.

A large and beautiful collection, among which are the following, viz.

17. The celebrated Engliſh Pheaſant, Partridge, Ruff, and two beautiful Owls.

18. The Gold Cock, from South-America.

Toweran, or Bill Bird, from Africa, this is a remarkable Bird, its bill being nearly as large as its body.

19. The Sea Gannet, a welcome ſight to the Mariner, after a long voyage.

20. The Pinguin, from Faulkland Iſlands.

SNAKES.

21. A large number of remarkable Snakes, among which are, the Yellow Snake, from South-America, 18 feet in length.

22. The American Rattle and Hoop Snakes.

23. The Glaſs Snake, from South-Carolina.

FISH.

24. A large number of Fiſh, and parts of Fiſh, among which are, the Sword, Saw, and Thraſher, which are formidable enemies to the Whale.

25. The Dolphin, Flying Fiſh, Porcupine Fiſh, and Sea Horſe.

26. An uncommon large Jaws and Teeth of a Shark, with a knife, that was found in him when taken.

27. Corals of various kinds, and a number of Ruſſils and Minerals.

28. A beautiful collection of Shells, and other Marine productions.

29. A large collection of beautiful Butterflies, and other Inſects, from St. Croix, together with a large number of other curioſities, from the Univerſal Garden of Nature.

ARTIFICIAL CURIOSITIES.

30. A large collection of Mr. Bowen's celebrated Wax-Figures, (in full ſtature,) among which are, the American Divine, the Philoſopher, the Statesman, the Hero, the Venerable, the Artiſt, the Beautiful, and the Ugly.

31. The celebrated Peronaut M. Blanchard.

32. Two beautiful Mandarins, from the Eaſt-Indies, dreſſed in the modern ſtyle of that country.

33. A Tranſparent Monument (placed in the centre of the room) ſacred to the Memory of Chriſtopher Columbus, who diſcovered to Mankind this Weſtern World, on the 12th of October, 1492.

34. The Model of a Monument (in clay) deſigned and executed by the celebrated Italian Artiſt in Statuary, Mr. Ceracchi: This Monument is intended to perpetuate the Memory of American Liberty, by alluding to events which have been completed, to our preſent ſituation, and to moſt probably future incidents. It is the univerſal opinion, that ſhould it be compleated it will be the moſt emblematical of the kind, and a work of the greateſt magnitude, either ancient or modern, and highly evinces the capacity, taſte and genius of the Artiſt.

35. A number of Indian Bows and Arrows, from different countries, and other implements of War.

36. A number of Indian Ornaments, and dreſſes, from different countries.

37. Sundry African Warlike Inſtruments and Ornaments.

38. Several Chineſe Inſtruments of War, and other curioſities.

39. An excellent Electrical Machine and Apparatus.

40. An Air-Gun, made in this city by an American Artiſt. This Gun, when properly charged, will diſcharge about twenty bullets ſucceſſively, without renewing the charge; for ſeveral times it will diſcharge a bullet to do execution at the diſtance of ſixty yards.

41. A collection of Coins and Medals.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROOM.

THE Room in which the MUSEUM is contained, is 60 by 30 feet, with an arch of 20 feet high, on which is elegantly painted a ſky blue, and intermixed with various kinds of clouds, in ſome of which are naturally repreſented a Thunder-Storm with flaſhes of Lightning. On the walls are elegantly painted, a large number of Trees, from various parts of the world; ſome of which are as large as their natural full growth; among which are the celebrated Bread Fruit Tree from the Pacific Ocean, and the delicious Mangoſton from the ſame country, &c. &c. Theſe trees or plants are ſurrounded by ſmaller ones of the ſame kind, forming beautiful groves, which have a fine effect. Alſo, on the walls of the room are painted a number of beautiful Birds, from various parts of the world; among which are the Spoon-bill, the Bird of Paradiſe, Flamingo and Oſtrich; together with a great variety of foreign Animals, among which are the Rhinoceros, Zebra, Hyæna, Leopard, Hippopotomous or River Horſe, Camel Camelopard, Elephant, Lion, &c. &c.

The above Paintings were copied from the beſt Hiſtorical Prints, and are univerſally allowed to be excellent imitations, with reſpect to color and form; the whole forming a moſt ſuperb and magnificent appearance.

A particular deſcription of the contents of the MUSEUM, will be publiſhed with all convenient ſpeed.

The MUSEUM and WAX-WORK is open every day (Sundays excepted) from ten o'Clock A. M. till one P. M. and from three till five in the afternoon—and three evenings in a week, viz. on Tuſdays, Thurſdays, and Fridays.

The Room will be lighted at candle light, and the Exhibition cloſed at nine o'Clock.

Tickets at *Two Shillings*, for grown perſons, and *One Shilling* for children, may be had in the front room up ſtairs, oppoſite the door of the Muſeum—Alſo, for the convenience of thoſe who may with to attend this place of pleaſing reſort (frequently) Annual Tickets (not tranſferable) may be obtained at the Muſeum, at *One Dollar*.

New-York, November 25, 1793. G. BAKER, Keeper of the Muſeum.

BROADSIDE, 1793 (NYHS)

TAMMANY'S REMARKABLE GARDINER BAKER

NEW YORK'S FIRST MUSEUM PROPRIETOR, MENAGERIE KEEPER, AND PROMOTER EXTRAORDINARY

by ROBERT M. and GALE S. MCCLUNG

ON MARCH 31, 1794, when the bloody French Revolution was much in the news of the day, the New York *Columbian Gazetteer* carried an advertisement for the exhibit of a guillotine, complete "with a wax figure perfectly representing a man beheaded!" The ad continued:

> This instrument will not be found on examination to be in miniature, but a complete guillotine in every respect, and one capable of performing the part for which it was originally designed in France. . . . Every visitor to the Museum, may, if they wish, have access to the guillotine, it may be seen with the beheaded figure, or by itself; when the machine is seen alone, nothing appears horrible.

This notice had been placed in the paper by an energetic little man, one Gardiner Baker, keeper of the Tammany Society's American Museum—the first and only institution of its kind in the city. Gardiner Baker was a shrewd promoter, and he knew perfectly well that the exhibit of an item of such current interest as a guillotine was bound to attract a flock of new visitors. He himself could be enthusiastic about all sorts of things—even an instrument of execution. As one of his contemporaries described him, he was a "snub-nosed, pock-pitted, bandy-legged, fussy, good-natured little body, full of zeal and bustle in his vocation."[1]

The same day that he advertised his guillotine, Baker wrote a letter, with a showman's characteristic desire for expansion, to New York's Common Council, requesting permission to occupy an empty lot on the corner of Pearl Street and the Battery. Here he proposed to establish a "Menage for the use of the present

[1] William A. Duer, *Reminiscences of an Old New Yorker* (New York: 1867), 9.

Living Animals and Birds that belong to the Museum and those that hereafter may be collected, the present number consists of Five Animals and Two Birds."[2] The Common Council, which worked fast in those days, granted permission the next day.[3] With the menagerie thus arranged for, Baker became not only the director of the city's first museum, but also the keeper of its first zoo.

Gardiner Baker, with his never-ending curiosity and his flair for showmanship, had a finger in many other pies as well—just as did the later showman, Phineas T. Barnum. He had a great interest in natural history, and delighted in collecting zoological specimens of all sorts. He studied the stars, and kept records of his weather observations. He was fascinated by mechanical devices, too, and even invented some. He enjoyed the fine arts, and was proud of the museum's collection of paintings and prints. He had an appreciation for learning, and was guardian of the museum's fine collection of books which were available for the public's perusal in a quiet reading room. He liked to write, himself, and many of his fancy phrases turned up in newspaper ads, pamphlets, and public letters to editors. He was a corresponding member of the Historical Society of Massachusetts and secretary of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. He maintained an active interest in politics, and was an ardent Washington supporter.[4]

[2] Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes, *Iconography of Manhattan Island* (6 vols.; New York: 1915–1928), March 31, 1794.

[3] Stokes, *Iconography*, April 1, 1794.

[4] Gardiner Baker's business activities and his personal likes and dislikes can be traced through the records and notices about his beloved museum, as well as through the public letters he wrote to newspaper editors. That he was interested in politics and public office is shown by the fact that he was a candidate for the office of Collector to the Third Ward, certainly a modest-enough ambition for the beginner in politics (*New-York Journal*, May 28, 1791). A notice of a meeting of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, signed "G. Baker, Secretary," appeared in *Greenleaf's New Daily Advertiser*, December 19, 1796.

Although he was an ardent admirer of George Washington, his political leanings were not Federalist, but Jeffersonian. His sympathy and enthusiasm for the more liberal ideas of the day are shown in several of his personal letters to his good friend, John Pintard. One of these, dated February 11, 1797, is addressed to "Citizen John Pintard" (New-York Historical Society, unpublished collections of John Pintard).

Baker's enthusiasm for all things scientific is illustrated in the copy he wrote to

This man of varied interests was described by William A. Duer, one-time President of Columbia College, as one who "expended his money and credit in collecting all sorts of curiosities, from the skeleton of a dragonfly to that of a mammoth. He was an enthusiast, and of course ruined himself for the benefit of his successors and the public. He was, moreover, a greater curiosity than any in his Museum."[5]

This museum, called the American Museum, or sometimes the Tammany Museum, had been founded under the auspices of the newly organized Tammany Society, and was aimed at filling a tremendous gap in New York's cultural activities. In 1789, when the idea of a museum was first conceived, New York as a city was 136 years old. It was the capital of the State of New York, and also the capital of the young United States of America. It had 33,000 residents, and its population was increasing rapidly. During the course of the city's growth and development as a commercial center, however, there had been very little concern for the cultural improvement of its citizens. There was no museum of any sort—no art museum, no natural history museum. There was no historical society, no public library, no botanical garden, no zoological park or aquarium.

As a matter of fact, it was to fill this great cultural need that the Tammany Society in New York was founded in the first place. The original Society, called the Sons of King Tammany,

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advertise his exhibits, and in another letter to Pintard (March 4, 1798) in which Baker lists various meteorological and weather data and observations he had made during the previous two months.

Very little is known concerning his family and private life. He was married, and had several children. One of his sons is mentioned as going with one of the Museum staff, the naturalist Jotham Fenton, to a spot about three miles outside the city where they collected "thirteen serpents or snakes in a torpid state. . . . All thirteen snakes now alive in Museum" (New York *Commercial Advertiser,* January 4, 1798). The only mention we ever get of his forebearers is in a public letter Baker wrote to the *New York Packet* on September 14, 1786, in which he berated one John Cabenbaragh (who, two weeks before, had advertised that his wife Hannah had left him, and he would not be responsible for her debts) as a "lazy drunken fellow" who "deserves to be kicked." Baker went on to state that his mother had been Cabenbaragh's first wife. Baker and his sister had tried to stop the marriage, but without success. Cabenbaragh had treated her "like a brute" and had thrown her out when he found she did not have the money he had confidently expected she would have.

[5] William A. Duer, *Reminiscences of an Old New Yorker* (1867), 9.

had been started in Philadelphia in 1772, and was the outgrowth of a seventeenth-century fishing club. It was named after the celebrated Delaware Indian Chief Tamenend, who had welcomed William Penn upon his arrival to America, and had endeared himself to the settlers by allowing them to fish along the banks of the Schuylkill, which was then in Indian territory. In its beginnings Tammany was primarily a cultural, fraternal, and patriotic organization. In accordance with its Indian tradition, the members adopted various pseudo-Indian rites, costumes, and ceremonials.

Post-Revolutionary Philadelphia was ahead of New York in its concern for things cultural. Not only did it have the original Tammany Society, but it also had the nation's first museum. This had been founded by the famous portrait artist, Charles Willson Peale, who, in 1785, had started his collection by adding some bones of a mammoth and a paddle fish to his already existing picture gallery.

The idea of a Tammany Society in New York was promoted by John Pintard, an eminent New York merchant, philanthropist, and scholar, who was familiar with the Society's activities in Philadelphia. Under his leadership, the idea was carried forward enthusiastically by a number of other New Yorkers, including Gardiner Baker. After three years of preparation and planning, New York Tammany adopted its first constitution in 1789, with William Mooney, a prominent merchant, as Grand Sachem.[6] Gardiner Baker, because of his geniality and contagious enthusiasm, was a prominent figure in most of the Society's early undertakings. He became the Society's first "Wiskinkie," who proudly bore the great standard of the order in all its processions.[7]

As soon as the New York Tammany Society was established, John Pintard became intent on the idea that one of the Society's prime functions should be to establish a museum to preserve

[6] At the same time John Pintard was elected Sagamore, or Master of Ceremonies, and Baker was listed as Tammany's Door Keeper.

[7] Edwin P. Kilroe, *Saint Tammany and the Origin of the Society of Tammany or Columbian Order in the City of New York* (New York: 1913), 176.

THE MUSEUM'S FIRST HOME: OLD CITY HALL ON WALL STREET

Watercolor by John Joseph Holland, 1797

Stokes Collection, New York Public Library

Americana of all sorts. Baker immediately became an eager supporter of the plan, and helped to persuade the more recalcitrant members of Tammany that the project was worthwhile. Tammany's aims in starting a museum were explained by Pintard in an enthusiastic letter to Dr. Jeremy Belknap of Boston, who had sent an Indian Bible for the proposed collection. Pintard said that a small fund had already been appropriated for the museum, and commented that "should the Society exist, this branch of it may arrive to something useful."[8]

This enthusiasm for Americana was no temporary interest of Pintard's. He gave Jeremy Belknap the initial impulse for founding the Massachusetts Historical Society, and in 1804 he himself became one of the founding fathers of The New-York Historical Society. As one admirer stated, Pintard "was the father of the movement for the foundation of historical societies and museums of natural history in this country."[9]

[8] Stokes, *Iconography*, October 11, 1790.
[9] Kilroe, *Saint Tammany*, Ch. III, note 4.

Plans for Tammany's museum were well under way on September 1, 1790, when the Society petitioned the Common Council for a room in the City Hall to house the collection. The City Fathers were favorably impressed, and the next day "resolved that they may have the use of the upper room in the City Hall in front of the Library Room whenever the same shall be cleared by the officers of Congress."[10] Congress was clearing out because the United States capital had just been moved from New York to Philadelphia. City Hall, on Wall Street, had been remodeled for use as the Federal Hall during the brief period that New York was the nation's capital. Now the building was being returned to its former status.

The following spring Gardiner Baker, the newly appointed keeper of the Museum, informed the public through the newspapers that Tammany's American Museum, containing "many articles on the historical and natural lines, highly deserving the notice of the curious," would be open for visitors two days a week.[11] The price of admission to the public was two shillings per visit, though a really curious spectator could go to the museum as often as he wished by purchasing a yearly ticket for one dollar. Members of Tammany and their families were admitted free. Though they were allowed free access to everything within the museum, they were advised that no one was allowed to take anything out.

Pintard, the founder, and Baker, the keeper, encouraged the public to make contributions to the collection, noting that the success of the museum depended to a large extent on such voluntary donations. Though emphasis was primarily on Americana, prospective donors were assured that "everything, from whatever clime, will be acceptable."[12]

With the opening of the museum, Baker entered upon his duties as keeper with characteristic vigor and optimism. Under

[10] *Ibid.*, 173, quoting Minutes of the Common Council of the City of New York, September 2, 1790.

[11] *New-York Journal*, May 25, 1791.

[12] Broadside dated June 1, 1791, in collections of The New-York Historical Society.

his guidance the museum grew and flourished. Many visitors flocked to the new institution to look at the assembled exhibits, and Baker was gratified by the public interest. He had all sorts of ideas and plans for improving the exhibits, but the necessary funds, as doled out by Tammany, were strictly limited. Baker, a resourceful finagler, found many ways to make ends meet, and still increase the collections. At one time, seeing an air gun that struck his fancy, he bought it with his own money and exhibited it at 13 Maiden Lane. There, for sixpence, the interested onlooker could view the gun and discharge a shot. Baker announced that as soon as he had been reimbursed for the cost of the gun, he would put it on view at the museum at no extra charge.[13] Sometimes he sold various prints and curios that were donated, and used the money obtained to buy still other prints and curios. Another time, he made and sold sleeve buttons in order to gain extra funds. These buttons were manufactured from the "Shell of the American Pearl Mussle in its native unpolished state."[14] Buttons were used lavishly, for ornamental as well as utilitarian purposes, on practically every female garment of the time, and the buttons sold well, both in the museum and at several local stores.

In October 1792, the Tammany Society, which claimed Christopher Columbus as well as Chief Tamenend as a patron saint, planned an event which must have delighted Baker's sense of showmanship. This event was a mammoth celebration to observe the 300th anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America. There were speeches, fireworks, and a parade climaxed by the unveiling of a huge statue of Columbus. This unique creation, as described by Baker, was fourteen feet high, and made of simulated black marble. "At the base a globe appears emerging out of the clouds, and chaos; presenting a rude sketch of the once uncultivated coast of America. On its pyramidal part, History is seen drawing up the curtain of oblivion," behind which were

[13] New York *Diary*, February 16, 1792.
[14] New York *Herald*, November 27, 1794.

depicted typical scenes of the glory that America was becoming.[15] After the triumphant celebration, this ornate structure was placed in the center of the Tammany Museum. Baker advertised that it could be seen there "elegantly illuminated" and "surrounded with four beautiful female figures."[16]

By 1793 Baker had increased the collections so much that the museum was bursting at the seams in its single room in City Hall. More spacious quarters had to be found. It was finally settled that the Museum should be moved to the Exchange Building on Broad Street, just a block from Battery Park. The Exchange was a large brick building with open markets on the ground floor. The second floor, where the museum was to be installed, was light and spacious—an ideal place in which to display the exhibits.

In accordance with current ideas of elegance, various changes in decor were made. When these were completed and the collections moved and installed, Baker must have looked at the results with satisfaction. The room had a twenty-foot-high arched ceiling that was painted sky-blue, intermixed with various kinds of clouds, a thunderstorm, and flashes of lightning. The walls were adorned with paintings of trees from all over the world, many of them pictured "as large as their natural growth." Among this luxuriant vegetation lurked the painted forms of a spoonbill, bird of paradise, flamingo, ostrich, rhinoceros, zebra, hyena, leopard, hippopotamus, camel, elephant, and lion. Baker was obviously delighted with this rather startling mural, for he described it in glowing details in ads which he had inserted in the local newspapers to tell of the change.[17] He probably had a hand in its design, but the name of its painter is lost—perhaps happily so—in historical anonymity.

These gaily decorated walls enclosed a space sixty by thirty feet—ample room to house all of the old exhibits as well as a number of new displays and features. Along one wall was a

[15] *New-York Journal*, October 17, 1792.
[16] New York *Columbian Gazetteer*, October 10, 1793.
[17] New York *Argus, or Greenleaf's New Daily Advertiser*, November 4, 1793.

THE EXCHANGE, BROAD STREET, HOME OF BAKER'S MUSEUM, 1793–1799
Woodcut from Martha J. Lamb's *History of the City of New York* (1877)

newly acquired wax-work collection belonging to Daniel Bowen, including figures of the celebrated European balloonist Jean Pierre Baptiste Blanchard, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Alexander Hamilton, and several "beautiful YOUNG LADIES."[18] The air gun, now paid for, was on display along with innumerable Indian relics, African ornaments, Chinese instruments of war, and sundry coins and medals. A large collection of copperplate prints was on display and offered for sale. In the middle of the new room stood the great statue of Columbus, lording it over all the other exhibits.

Baker carefully checked the extensive collection of preserved

[18] New York *Columbian Gazetteer*, October 10, 1793. The original wording of this and many other advertisements of exhibits can be found quickly and easily by referring to *The Arts and Crafts in New York, 1777–1799* by Rita Susswein Gottesman (New-York Historical Society, 1954).

animals and other natural history objects to make sure that none of them had been injured or misplaced in moving. He had expended a great amount of effort in buying, borrowing, or begging some of these from various individuals in the city. Others he had probably secured by haunting the docks, ever ready to spot any likely specimens brought from distant ports by newly arrived sailors. Among the items Baker had managed to obtain were an eighteen-foot-long preserved yellow snake from South America, the jaws and teeth of a shark, butterflies and beetles from St. Croix, corals, shells, and an American buffalo mounted in natural standing position. Other stuffed animals included a Brazilian porcupine, several American alligators, various monkeys, the head of a sea lion, a "lamb with two perfect heads and necks compleat, and but one body from Brunswick, N. J.," and a preserved male and female orangutang, with a "FOETUS of same, perfect in spirits, in a fine state of preservation, from Africa."[19] (These so-called orangutangs, being from Africa, were undoubtedly chimpanzees. In those days the several species of great apes were often confused, even by zoological specialists.)

Baker, like his famous successor, P. T. Barnum, did not neglect freaks. His prize in the fall of 1793 was "A perfect Horn, between 5 and 6 inches in length, which grew out of a woman's head in this city."[20]

This sundry assortment in the new location was now exhibited daily except Sundays, and was also open three nights a week "from candlelight until 9 o'clock." The entire display was claimed by Baker to "supercede anything that can be made to excite the admiration or the pleasure of a spectator."[21]

Early in 1794 Baker started to exhibit within the museum a modest collection of live animals: a porcupine from the East Indies, an ant bear from Patagonia, a king vulture from South America, two doves from the Bahama Islands, an American eagle, and a squirrel which kept itself busy grinding pepper in an

[19] New York *Daily Advertiser*, November 1, 1793.
[20] New York *Daily Advertiser*, November 6, 1793.
[21] New York *Columbia Gazetteer*, October 14, 1793.

THE BATTERY, NEW YORK CITY, 1793, LOCALE OF BAKER'S "MENAGE"
Detail from Archibald Robertson's "View of New York from . . . North River"
Hand-colored print, 1793, at The New-York Historical Society

ingenious pepper-grinding machine. Having launched himself in the live animal business, Baker was not one to be long content with limited menagerie facilities. Thus it was that he wrote to the Common Council seeking the lot near Battery Park for his Menage.

Battery Park was a fashionable place to stroll, and Baker knew that the success of his Menage there depended to a large extent on its attractiveness. He promised the Council that he would "caws the Lot to be enclosed with a neat fence, which shall be handsomely painted so as to be in some measure ornimental."[22] The Council, impressed with Baker's plan, granted him permission promptly.

Baker's new interest in live animals did not cause him to neglect the museum. He added several illuminated transparent paintings, the "much admired American patent steam-jack," the hoof of a large elephant, along with the jaw teeth of the same animal, the drum of a whale's ear, and a "beautiful Shell of the egg of the squip fish."[23]

[22] Stokes, *Iconography*, March 31, 1794.
[23] New York *Diary*, January 14, 1794.

Baker collected new exhibits so avidly that the museum soon had to expand again—this time into additional rooms on the second floor of the Exchange. The so-called New Museum featured "the largest collection of Birds, Butterflies, Insects and Beatles in America; from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The collection contains near 600 birds, upwards of 2000 insects." These exhibits were preserved and displayed in fifty-eight glass cases. One of Baker's prizes was a box, 26 by 18 inches, that contained "one thousand and forty-two different species of Beetles arranged in families." Baker, again bragging about his collection, advertised that these new exhibits were not excelled anywhere in the world for their "state of preservation, arrangement, and beautiful order."[24]

In addition to the birds and insects, Baker had on display in the New Museum a number of new paintings, a "ship of 14 guns completely rigged, made entirely of Glass," and a musical concert clock. This clock, "shewing the Hour, Minutes, Second, & Day of the month—Plays a number of tunes . . . with five instruments viz. Harpsichord, Piano-Forte, a first and second Flute and organ." This remarkable timepiece had cost nearly eight hundred dollars.[25]

As for the Menage, Baker had been busy for some time getting the lot in readiness for the animals. A number of new cages and enclosures were built, and, as promised, the lot had been enclosed with a neat fence. When everything was ready, Baker opened the Menage to the public, assuring them that the animals could "be visited with the greatest safety, as they are all confined in Koops or cages."[26]

The curious customer, after paying his admission price of one shilling, was allowed to enter and behold the collection of live animals. A female mountain lion paced restlessly back and forth

[24] Rita Susswein Gottesman, *The Arts and Crafts in New York, 1777–1799* (New-York Historical Society, 1954). This notice originally appeared in the *Weekly Museum* for July 26, 1794.

[25] New York *Columbian Gazetteer*, October 16, 1794.

[26] New York *Herald*, September 29, 1794.

in one of the largest cages. She had been captured in Kentucky. Another enclosure contained a couple of racoons, both of them usually begging for food, their inquisitive blackmasked faces pressed close to the cage front. In other cages were assorted pairs of mangy foxes and fat groundhogs, as well as a mink, a wildcat, the tireless black squirrel, and sundry birds and snakes. It was not much of a menagerie by present standards, but it was the first permanent exhibit of the sort in the city, and the only one at that time.[27]

Once the menagerie was well established, Baker turned his attention to new exhibits for the museum. His interest in mechanical science prompted him to get from Scotland a model of a threshing machine which was capable of threshing and winnowing simultaneously 150 bushels of wheat in six hours and which was turned by a single horse.[28] Another featured mechanical device was rather petulantly described by an English traveler, Thomas Twining, as a machine "said to exhibit perpetual motion . . . with an activity that seemed likely to hold out for the time a spectator would stop to observe it."[29]

Twining had also visited the only other similar museum in America—the one in Philadelphia run by Charles Willson Peale. He commented on a more gracious note that Baker's museum was older and more extensive. His estimate of age was inaccurate, but his estimate of size reflected the fact that Peale was a good deal more selective than Baker was. Baker, who had no formal scientific training, had such a love for curiosities that he displayed everything that came along.

As Tammany's American Museum, under Baker's guidance, expanded in many directions, the Tammany Society, too, expanded its field of interest from culture to politics. These new directions had caused John Pintard to sever himself from both the

[27] The *Herald* advertisement for September 29, 1794, contains a list of the various animals in the collection.
[28] New York *Herald*, March 18, 1795.
[29] Thomas Twining, *Travels in America 100 Years Ago* (New York: 1894), 155.

society and the museum which he had founded. Pintard was a supporter of Hamilton, whereas the Tammany Society (and Gardiner Baker) endorsed the principles of the Jeffersonian party. Pintard, although a continued close friend of Baker's, was also disappointed that the museum was tending to become a collection of curios rather than a more scholarly institution. Aside from these differences of opinion, Pintard's separation from the two organizations was forced by the fact that he lost his entire fortune in a crash of stock speculations, and had to serve time in debtor's prison.

Gardiner Baker, therefore, by the spring of 1795, was the sole eager supporter of the American Museum. It was at that time that the Tammany Society relinquished and assigned all its rights in the museum to him.[30] Peale, in Philadelphia, wrote that Tammany had done this in settlement of Baker's wages which were in arrears. Tammany itself gave a more lofty reason, resolving that "Gardiner Baker has great merit in his extraordinary exertions in the promotion and extension of the Museum." It, with all its collections, was therefore turned over to him on condition that the name Tammany Museum be continued; that it be contained at some convenient place; and that Tammany members and their families continue to have free access to it.[31]

It was a challenge to Baker to have the sole ownership and management of the museum. If he had not been so devoted to it, the museum might at this point have gone out of existence. Although it was housed in rooms supplied by the city, it was operated without any funds other than those obtained by admission fees and the sale of various curios. The expenses involved in maintaining and adding to the collections usually swallowed up most of the receipts. These hard financial facts did not deter Baker, however, for he was fiercely determined to succeed. Keenly aware of the necessity of changing exhibits frequently, regardless of cost, he made new plans and undertook new projects

[30] Stokes, *Iconography*, June 25, 1795.
[31] Kilroe, *Saint Tammany*, 175, quoting *N. Y. Directory and Register for 1795*, 313.

which he felt would surely maintain the public interest and support.

Now that the museum was his own, he was eager also to maintain the cooperation of the Common Council. He wrote to the Council, telling it that the museum had become his own property, and expressing hope "that the same will under the Patronage of your Board, and an Interested Public, become ornimental, to our City, our Country, and myself." He invited the Council members to visit his museum to see "a very pleasing Philosophical Experiment with Electrical Fluid united with Inflammable air, the Effect will be Shewn with a Brass Cannon."[32]

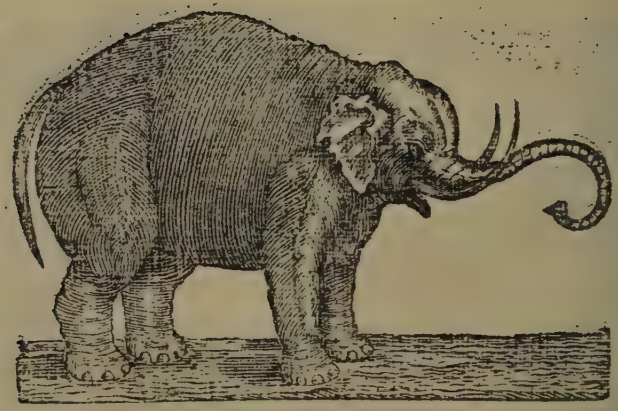
By the spring of 1796 Gardiner Baker was riding on the crest of the wave. He had made a great thing of the museum. With his limited funds he had improved and rearranged the collections and had added many new features. The Menage, though small, was flourishing too. But in April of that year the tide started to turn, and he was beset by a series of misfortunes.

The first of these setbacks was the arrival in New York of an Indian elephant, the first such animal ever to be seen in America. Baker's eyes must have popped with excitement as he examined the beast. It was a two-year-old female of the species, and was gentle and tame. Spectators loved to watch it pick up wisps of hay with its flexible trunk. The obliging animal was also ready at all times to draw a cork from a bottle and drink the contents. What an attraction it would have been for Baker's Menage. Much as he may have wanted it, however, he could not afford it. The elephant was quickly sold for $10,000, a sum of money far beyond Baker's resources.[33]

All that spring the "ponderous pachyderm" was exhibited at the corner of Broadway and Beaver Street, just a few blocks north of the Menage. At the moment, the Menage could boast nothing more spectacular than a seal, " a most beautiful sea gan-

[32] Stokes, *Iconography*, January 25, 1796.

[33] The New York *Argus* carries an account of the elephant's arrival in its April 18, 1796, issue, while the *Journal* mentions the event the next day.



THE
ELEPHANT,

ACCORDING to the account of the celebrated BUFFON, is the moſt reſpectable Animal in the world. In ſize he ſurpaſſes all other terreſtrial creatures; and by his intelligence, makes as near an approach to man, as matter can approach ſpirit. A ſufficient proof that there is not too much ſaid of the knowledge of this animal is, that the Proprietor having been abſent for ten weeks, the moment he arrived at the door of his apartment, and ſpoke to the keeper, the animal's knowledge was beyond any doubt confirmed by the cries he uttered forth, till his Friend came within reach of his trunk, with which he careſſed him, to the aſtoniſhment of all thoſe who ſaw him. This moſt curious and ſurpriſing animal is juſt arrived in this town, from Philadelphia, where he will ſtay but a few days.———He is only four years old, and weighs about 3000 weight, but will not have come to his full growth till he ſhall be between 30 and 40 years old. He meaſures from the end of his trunk to the tip of his tail 15 feet 8 inches, round the body 10 feet 6 inches, round his head 7 feet 2 inches, round his leg above the knee 3 feet 3 inches, round his ankle 2 feet 2 inches. He eats 130 weight a day, and drinks all kinds of ſpirituous liquors; ſome days he has drank 30 bottles of porter, drawing the corks with his trunk. He is ſo tame that he travels looſe, and has never attempted to hurt any one. He appeared on the ſtage, at the New Theatre in Philadelphia, to the great ſatisfaction of a reſpectable audience.

A reſpectable and convenient place is fitted up adjoining the Store of Mr. Bartlet, Market-Street, for the reception of thoſe ladies and gentlemen who may be pleaſed to view the greateſt natural curioſity ever preſented to the curious, which is to be ſeen from ſunriſe till ſundown, every day in the week.

☞ The Elephant having deſtroyed many papers of conſequence, it is recommended to viſitors not to come near him with ſuch papers.

Admittance *ONE QUARTER OF A DOLLAR*——Children *ONE EIGHTH OF A DOLLAR.*

NEWBURYPORT, Sept. 19, 1797.

AMERICA'S FIRST "PONDEROUS PACHYDERM" (BROUGHT FROM BENGAL)

Unloaded at New York from the ship *America*, April 13, 1796

Broadside: Newburyport, 1797, at The New-York Historical Society

net, a bird as large as a goose," plus twenty other sundry animals that obviously were not in the same class with a real live elephant.[34] The elephant was without question the big current attraction, and attendance at both the Menage and the museum dropped off. Baker wracked his brain trying to figure out what to do to stir up his lagging enterprises.

While he was still coping with this competition, another misfortune occurred. One Tuesday morning in April Baker went into the museum and found a glass exhibition case broken. Someone had stolen a number of valuable antique coins and medals. Baker immediately published lists and descriptions of the missing coins so that they would be recognized if offered for sale. He publicly lamented that this was the second time the museum had been robbed, and darkly intimated that he was very suspicious of three particular persons, whom he did not name.[35]

On top of this unhappy incident, the live animals at the Menage became a source of trouble. Various New York residents complained that the animals were a nuisance—noisy, smelly, and generally undesirable. In response to these complaints, the Common Council issued an order to Baker, giving him one month to remove his animals and "to deliver up said lot in clean and good order." Baker promptly put his persuasive powers to work and promised to enhance the Menage further. Seven days later the order was rescinded.[36]

In June of 1796, while still contending with these reverses, Baker became part of a project which he was sure would bring him both prestige and prosperity. As events turned out, it was to be his greatest misfortune. This project concerned Jean Pierre Baptiste Blanchard, the world-renowned aeronaut, who until this time had been known to Baker only as a wax figure in his museum. The live Blanchard had just arrived in New York, where he proposed to make his forty-sixth balloon ascent. New Yorkers had never seen a man ascend and travel in a balloon, since

[34] New York *Minerva*, April 21, 1796.
[35] New York *Diary*, May 7, 1796.
[36] Stokes, *Iconography*, June 13, 1796.

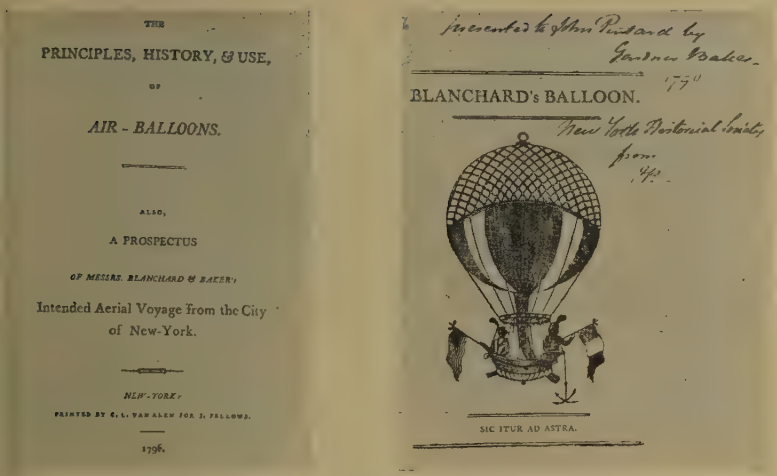
the only such voyage in America had been made by Blanchard three years earlier in Philadelphia, before an audience including President George Washington and tremendous crowds of curious spectators.

Baker was interested in this project from the start, and soon convinced Blanchard that he was the logical man to promote the ascension, and also to accompany him on the daring voyage. When terms were agreed upon, Baker promptly set about the task with typical enthusiasm and imagination. He repeatedly advertised the proposed New York ascent in the local papers. He advanced money to Blanchard and his family for living expenses, and sank considerable money of his own into publicity and preparation for the venture. The ascent, scheduled for August, was to be made as soon as 3,000 subscriptions had been gathered, at one dollar each. Baker was completely confident that the curious public would respond readily.[37]

As part of the promotion, Baker wrote a pamphlet in which he explained the science of "Aerostation" in general, and described Blanchard's previous ascensions. He gave full details of the proposed voyage, and announced that they would take with them several small live animals from the Menage, and "discharge them at different heights with parachutes, without their receiving any damage." Baker also explained in the pamphlet that he, as the traveling companion, was to "make meteorological observations by noting changes on barometer, thermometer, hydrometer, electrometer, and other instruments."[38] He became quite ecstatic in writing about the voyage, and anticipated that "At the enchanting moment when these two mortals shall quit for a time their residence on earth, and launch into the immensity of space, the citizens of New York will accompany them with their best wishes, and expect with impatience their happy return."

[37] New York *Argus*, June 27, 1796.

[38] Gardiner Baker, *The Principles, History, and Use of Air-Balloons* (New York: 1796). A copy of this pamphlet on Air Balloons is in the collections of The New-York Historical Society. It was published on July 25, 1796.



THE

PRINCIPLES, HISTORY, & USE,

OF

AIR - BALLOONS.

ALSO,

A PROSPECTUS

OF MESSRS. BLANCHARD & BAKER;

Intended Aerial Voyage from the City of New-York.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY G. L. VAN ALEN FOR J. FELLOWS.

1796.

Presented by John Pintard by Gardner Baker.

1796

BLANCHARD's BALLOON.

New York Historical Society from GP

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

FRONTISPIECE AND TITLE PAGE OF BAKER'S TREATISE ON BALLOONS

Inscribed by the author to John Pintard, 1796, and by him to NYHS

In spite of his rosy predictions, public interest lagged and subscriptions came in slowly. Baker complained of "the fatigue of waiting on the citizens at this warm season,"[39] and proceeded to exert further effort to stimulate interest. The balloon was put on exhibit, and demonstrations were given of the process of inflation. But despite this fanfare, subscriptions still came in too slowly. The August ascension date was postponed.

Then, on September 14th, disaster struck. During a thunderstorm the balloon was badly damaged,[40] and there was no money for necessary repairs. This set of circumstances made bitter enemies of the erstwhile partners, and an argument between Baker and Blanchard waged furiously for several months in open letters to the newspapers.[41]

[39] New York *Minerva*, July 9, 1796. Repeated advertisements for the proposed balloon ascension also appeared in the New York *Argus* from June 27 on through August. When the balloon was put on exhibit, a new ad for the delayed ascension ran until September 27. By fortunate (or unfortunate?) coincidence, an advertisement for a book just published by Thomas Greenleaf on *The History of Balloons* appeared in Greenleaf's paper for September 30, 1796.

[40] New York *Journal*, September 20, 1796.

[41] New York *Minerva*, October 31, November 14, and December 7, 1796.

Immediately following the disaster Baker printed a handbill assuring all the people who had brought subscriptions that these could be converted for tickets of admission to the museum.[42] Not all the subscribers were agreeable to this plan, however, and many demanded refunds. Blanchard, distraught by the whole incident, blamed Baker for having not raised sufficient money so that the ascent could have been made in August, as scheduled. He accused Baker of not giving him the balance of money received from ticket sales. Baker answered that there were already more outstanding debts in connection with the venture than there was money on hand, and that he himself had been dragged deeply into debt by it. In one open letter, Baker complained of Blanchard, saying, "I believe that if the perspiration that has parted from me to serve this man was collected in a vessel, it would be nearly enough to drown him."[43]

While public sympathy generally seemed to side with Baker, at least one irate citizen was tired of the museum keeper's publicity stunts, and showed his scorn by writing the following letter to the local press:

> Since the attempts which Mr. Baker has hitherto made to astonish and please his fellow citizens have failed, I have thought of two expedients, one or the other of which, I am well convinced, will succeed. First employ some indefatigable artist to make him a large kite, and in order to gratify the curiosity of his fellow citizens more effectually, and to relieve his distressed friend, Mr. Blanchard and his family from starvation, the kite is to be kept in some convenient place and to be shown at six pence for each person, but to *subscribers* gratis.
>
> As soon as $100 shall be subscribed—one half to Mr. Blanchard to relieve his present necessities—the KITE shall be immediately prepared for aerial flight. . . . a basket will be at the end of the tail of the kite to hold *one person* only—Mr. Baker.
>
> Should this attempt fail by the Kite's being destroyed in a tornado, the other plan is to have Mr. Baker blown full of inflammatory air; this with the assistance of his head, which may be supposed to be specifically much

[42] Kilroe scrapbooks and miscellaneous collections (New-York Historical Society). On September 19, 1796, Baker issued a handbill entitled "Balloon's Misfortune and Hope for Relief."

[43] This, as well as many other acrimonious accusations on both sides, appears in the public exchange of letters mentioned above.

lighter than atmospheric air, will cause him to perform with ease his aerial voyage. And to make the prospect still more grand, and to compensate for all the former disappointments, it is intended to have four small kites to ascend with him, which will be a scene, not only grand and astonishing, but such an one as was never *but once* before exhibited to mankind.[44]

Blanchard, in the meantime, was hard at work trying to make new preparations for a balloon ascension—this time without Baker's help.[45] The obstacles he encountered were too numerous to overcome, however, and in the spring of 1797, the aeronaut, indignant and poverty-stricken, quietly left town.

The *Diary*, noting his departure, wrote that "Blanchard has at last taken his flight—not in the air, as he had proposed, but on dry land. He made his exit with his family . . . whither, we cannot tell. All hopes of an ascention, however, are at an end; and this circumstance is a proof that his conduct towards Mr. Baker lost him the confidence of the citizens."[46]

Baker, throughout the course of his dealings with Blanchard, had been forced to neglect his other activities. The balloon fiasco had left him with numerous financial difficulties as well as several law suits. One Ephraim Hart was suing him for payment of back rent on the house that had been occupied by the French balloonist.[47] Henry Hays, a ladies' shoemaker, was suing because of a controversy over tickets he had bought.[48] Luckily, for Baker, this latter case, when heard in court, was adjourned for lack of sufficient evidence from Mr. Hays. The papers reported that the cause of the trial was said to have stemmed from a difference of political opinion.

Baker, in the midst of his difficulties, figured that only by opening bigger and better shows could he extricate himself from all his troubles. It seemed likely to him that he could make more

[44] New York *Argus*, September 29, 1796.
[45] *New-York Gazette and General Advertiser*, March 4, 1797.
[46] New York *Diary*, May 11, 1797.
[47] New York *Diary*, May 29, 1797. The back rent amounted to $200.
[48] New York *Diary*, May 17, 1797. Hays sued Baker for two dollars, the price of his tickets.

money by dividing his exhibits between two buildings, and charging separate admission prices at each place. On this premise he borrowed more money to erect a new building at 222 Greenwich Street, in which he set up a newly acquired panorama of the city of Charleston. Called the New Panorama building, it also housed the elaborate concert clock and a new collection of handsomely framed butterflies.[49]

Just five days after the New Panorama opened, Baker wrote a letter to his old friend John Pintard, who was then living in Newark. Pintard certainly was one who understood the hardships and heartaches of financial reverses. He and Baker had corresponded throughout the years, and Baker regarded Pintard as a source of sound advice. He told Pintard of the expenses he had incurred in the opening of the Panorama, and lamented that so far the weather had been stormy and the visitors few. He noted optimistically that those who had seen the new exhibit had been very appreciative. In the same letter he avowed his desire to render public service, saying, "for while my existance, is accompanied with any acts of public utility, I wish to live, and no longer —this is really the sincere wish of my heart, and whenever you can point out, to me any object of public utility, you will confer the greatest of all the favors of this life."[50]

Baker's drive and enthusiasm continued to serve him well in spite of his troubles, for during the entire year of 1797 he was continually expanding and improving his exhibits. In May he advertised that the Panorama was now lighted artificially by a method which he had devised after three months of work.[51] He announced a number of new exhibits which could be seen at the Greenwich Street address: an automaton bird-cage clock; a cascade of apparently falling water; an automaton stonecutter and

[49] Broadside dated February 1, 1797 (New-York Historical Society collections). The broadside stated that the New Panorama Building was to be opened on February 6th.

[50] Baker's letter is dated February 11, 1797. It is preserved in the collection of private correspondence of John Pintard, in the collections of The New-York Historical Society.

[51] New York *Diary*, May 26, 1797.

blacksmith's shop with ten little men at work; and an entirely new panoramic scene by the artist Edward Savage. As a further moneymaker, Baker opened a print-dealer's shop in one of the rooms at the new location.

Meantime, the Menage also had been expanded considerably. Baker advertised that the collections of live animals now included wolves, bears, opossums, ground hogs, a bald eagle, "Moccoco, noble species of Monkey, very large and a small one of a different species, the Mongooz . . . wild hog, of the forest of South America —a very curious animal; it is said that the navle is on the back . . . ." The advertisement ended on a somewhat discouraging note: "Those who wish to gratify themselves with the sight of these remarkable productions of nature had better make early application, for it is not uncommon for those that are foreign to live but a short time."[52]

In spite of this grand assemblage of animals in New York's only zoo, or maybe because of it, the citizens began again to complain. Once again the Menage was declared a nuisance, and Baker was ordered to find another place for his animal exhibits. He was given six months to surrender the lot,[53] but this did not discourage him, and he continued his interest in diverse projects.

Baker, who was always interested in weather, often climbed to the roof of the Exchange Building that housed his museum, and there made meteorological observations. He kept elaborate records of these observations, and during the very damp fall of 1797 wrote a letter to Thomes Greenleaf, editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, explaining in detail how the damp conditions had caused the music of his concert clock to play very fast.[54]

A few weeks later he wrote another letter to the same newspaper decrying its treatment of President Washington in the coverage of his activities.[55] Baker was an ardent Washington-ad-

[52] New York *Daily Advertiser*, May 20, 1797.
[53] Stokes, *Iconography*, October 30, 1797.
[54] New York *Commercial Advertiser*, October 9, 1797.
[55] New York *Commercial Advertiser*, October 25, 1797.

mirer, and several years earlier had withdrawn his subscription to Greenleaf's paper because of its attack on Washington's character. He had finally started to subscribe again and to use the paper for his advertising, but this new incident had re-aroused his displeasure, and once again he wished to have his subscription canceled.

In February, 1798, his great admiration for Washington led him to buy and exhibit a life-size portrait of his hero, standing as if addressing Congress. The portrait had been done by Gilbert Stuart, and was to be seen at the New City Tavern for one dollar admittance, with tickets good for repeated visits.[56] Once again Baker was applying his principle of charging different admissions at different places to see different things.

Baker planned to show the portrait in New York for just one month, then take it on tour to other cities. He obviously expected big financial returns from this venture. He needed them, too, for in spite of all his hard labor, he was still beset by financial troubles. All of his undertakings during the previous eighteen months had been financially unsuccessful, and he had assumed additional debts in order to buy the portrait of Washington. He was finally forced to realize that his earnings from the museum were scarcely enough to support his family or to buy occasional new exhibits. He noted that "at the time that I am having better and better capacities to render service to my fellow creatures, it seems that my unpleasant pecuniary circumstances will in some measure defeat, but I will not dispair."[57] He placed all his hopes in his newly acquired portrait, and wrote to Pintard:

> It is universally admitted that my Washington is really by far the best picture in the Universe. . . . Oh what pleasure it gives me to hear the general exclamation, "I never saw such a picture" . . . all men of taste tell me that I must go to Europe with my picture. They anticipate for me an ample fortune, with proper exertions, and economy.[58]

[56] New York *Daily Advertiser*, February 3, 1798.
[57] Letter to Pintard dated March 4, 1798 (New-York Historical Society).
[58] *Idem.*

The proposed European tour never took place, but Baker did go on tour in the States with the picture. He was in Boston in the fall of 1798. There the extraordinary career of Gardiner Baker came to an abrupt end, for he died suddenly of yellow fever.

The New-York Gazette and General Advertiser sorrowed at his passing with an obituary on October 5, 1795, saying:

> On this man there is no room for encomium. His industry and attention in the selection, and arranging of the curiosities of Nature, perhaps, was never excelled. In short, his death may be considered a great public loss. He has left a wife and several children.

On her husband's death, Mrs. Baker was left stranded in Boston without any funds. One newspaper noted that only through the kind feeling of the Boston public was she able to raise enough money to get herself back to New York. And she was forced to relinquish the Stuart painting to a Mr. Laing in Boston in satisfaction of a claim.[59]

With no other source of support, Mrs. Baker endeavored to keep the museum going, but under her guidance it was not a success, and neither Tammany nor the city saw fit to keep it running as a public institution. On May 10, 1800, the museum was offered for sale.[60]

[59] New York *Gazette*, October 18, 1798, recounts how the good people of Boston helped Mrs. Baker, who was left stranded without funds after her husband's sudden and unexpected death. One Mr. E. Blake, writing in the February 29, 1892, issue of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, recounts an interesting story (which may or may not be true) about the Stuart painting of Washington. Blake states that Stuart painted the original portrait of Washington in this pose for the Marquis of Lansdowne. He then (so the story goes) made three replicas, one of them for Baker. When Baker died, Blake says that the painting went to a Mr. Laing "in satisfaction of a claim." Later, a committee in charge of furnishing the newly built White House bought the painting. It was entrusted to a Mr. Winstanty [William Winstanley] to pack and deliver. Winstanley is said to have copied the Stuart painting, delivered the copy, and then fled to England with Baker's original. Stuart himself is said to have discovered the fraud. The original was found by a picture dealer of Douglas, on the Isle of Man, where it was offered for sale at an asking price of $1000.

[60] Stokes, *Iconography*, March 11, 1799. The Common Council granted the petition of 100 citizens who asked that the Exchange Building be torn down. Mrs. Baker was notified to have the Museum collections out by May 20th. According to a notice in *The New-York Gazette and General Advertiser*, for May 17, 1799, the Museum moved to 222 Greenwich Street, where the Panorama had formerly been. In this

During the next few years the American Museum changed hands several times, and was only occasionally open to the public. Portions of the collections were to be seen in a museum run by the artist Edward Savage.[61] Then the collection passed into the hands of John Scudder, a one-time employee of Savage, who, in 1810, opened his museum as the American Museum, carrying on the tradition and the name that had been used by Baker.[62] Scudder's American Museum, which was larger and more elaborate than Baker's had been, was eventually bought by P. T. Barnum, who carried the name to spectacular fame. Barnum's American Museum, however, was ravaged by fire in 1865, and again in 1868. It is unlikely, therefore, that much exists in our museums today that was originally exhibited by Baker. The one known exception is John Eliot's Indian Bible, which was one of the first contributions to Tammany's Museum. This Bible was recalled from the museum by John Pintard, and was given to The New-

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notice, which ran intermittently in the *General Advertiser* until September 25, 1799, Mrs. Baker gave her address as 40 Reade Street. The Museum was evidently not a financial success under Mrs. Baker's management. On May 10, 1800, Daniel Phoenix, City Treasurer, advertised the Museum for sale in the *Commercial Advertiser*.

[61] On June 30, 1800, one William J. Waldron advertised in the *American Citizen* that the American Museum would be reopened on July 4th at 226 Greenwich Street. On September 15, 1800, Waldron again offered the museum for sale (Stokes, *Iconography*). The collections were offered at auction on January 18, 1802, by the firm of Dunham and Davis (*New-York Gazette and General Advertiser*, January 11, 1802).

A month later, on February 11th, the *Gazette* advertised the Museum at 222 Greenwich Street. The ad stated mysteriously that the "present proprietor . . . was obviously despondent about something."

A painter and showman by the name of E. [dward] Savage advertised on May 11, 1802, the opening of his Columbian Gallery of art exhibits at a building known as the Pantheon at 80 Greenwich Street, near the Battery (Stokes, *Iconography*). On August 9th, Waldron announced that "The Museum is now annexed to the Columbian Gallery." On August 14th, in the *Daily Advertiser*, he advertised this exhibit as the City Museum. In following ads during the next few months, he describes various exhibits which undoubtedly came from Baker's old Museum (New York *Daily Advertiser*, December 31, 1802; January 4, 1803; June 25, 1803; May 11, 1804.) In 1808, Waldron, proprietor of "The Museum," proposed fitting up a building at the corner of Warren Street and Broadway for exhibits. This building was named the "Lyceum" (Stokes, *Iconography*). By 1810 several other showmen, including John Scudder, were also active in the museum business in New York.

[62] New York *Columbian Gazetteer*, March 21, 1810. This issue contains an announcement of the opening of Scudder's New American Museum at 21 Chatham Street.

THE MUSEUM'S LAST HOME BEFORE ABSORPTION BY BARNUM
The New York Institute (Old Alms House), City Hall Park
Lithograph, c. 1825, at The New-York Historical Society

York Historical Society, where it still remains, and is regarded as one of the Society's treasures.[63]

Though nothing more remains from the original collections, nevertheless a trend had been started. Baker, the pioneer, had worked under terrific difficulties. By the force of his own personal interest and drive he built up and maintained New York's first museum and first menagerie. He laid the foundation on which the more famous Barnum rose to success. Furthermore, the entire history of the growth of New York's museums and zoos stems from this first museum—planned by John Pintard, sponsored by Tammany, and enthusiastically carried forward by Gardiner Baker.

[63] Dr. Jeremy Belknap of Boston presented this Bible to Pintard when he was starting the original museum collection under Tammany.

[28]* GOVERNOR PETRUS STUYVESANT (1592–1672)

Painted from life during 1660s at New York by Unidentified Artist

Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his great-great-great-great-grandson, 1909

* The bracketed number in each of the captions to the illustrations throughout this article refers to the corresponding entry in the appended "Checklist of Stuyvesant Portraits."

THE CASE OF THE STUYVESANT PORTRAITS

by R. W. G. Vail

AUGUSTUS Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr. (1870–1953), was the last of the Stuyvesants; at least he was the last direct descendant of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant in the male line to bear his name. After the death of his father, Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr. (1838–1918), he moved from the family home at 5 East 57th Street to the limestone château at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and 79th Street where he and his younger sister, Anne White Stuyvesant (1871–1938), spent the rest of their lives, their older sister, Catherine Elizabeth Steward Stuyvesant (*c.* 1865–1924), having previously died at the old family home on 57th Street. Here, after his younger sister's death, Mr. Stuyvesant lived in solitary splendor, surrounded by his ancestral portraits and the other souvenirs of his illustrious family.

According to tribal tradition Mr. Stuyvesant once attended a country auction near his summer home at Newport where he saw a number of lovely family miniatures, stripped from their gold frames, offered with other keepsakes for sale to the highest bidder. Mr Stuyvesant was considerably upset and remarked that *his* family portraits would never come to such an ignominious end. And so it happened that, when he and his sister Anne drew up identical wills in June 1935, they stipulated that their family oil portraits and miniatures, not otherwise disposed of, should be destroyed.

When the will of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., was read after his death on August 11, 1953, it was found that, with the exception of a few small bequests, the bulk of his estate of over five million dollars was left to St. Luke's Hospital. To The New-York Historical Society he left a genealogical chart, a miniature on ivory of his father by Alyn Williams, 1912, and an oval

[22] GERARD STUYVESANT FAMILY GROUP, *c.* 1844–1848

family-group portrait in oils of the donor's grandparents, Gerard Stuyvesant (1805–1859), Mrs. Gerard Stuyvesant (Susan Rivington Van Horne, 1812–1899), and their two children, Robert Reade Stuyvesant (1837–1906) and the donor's father, Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr. (1838–1918), painted by an unknown artist about 1844 to 1848. The next clause of the will directed that all other family portraits and miniatures be destroyed.

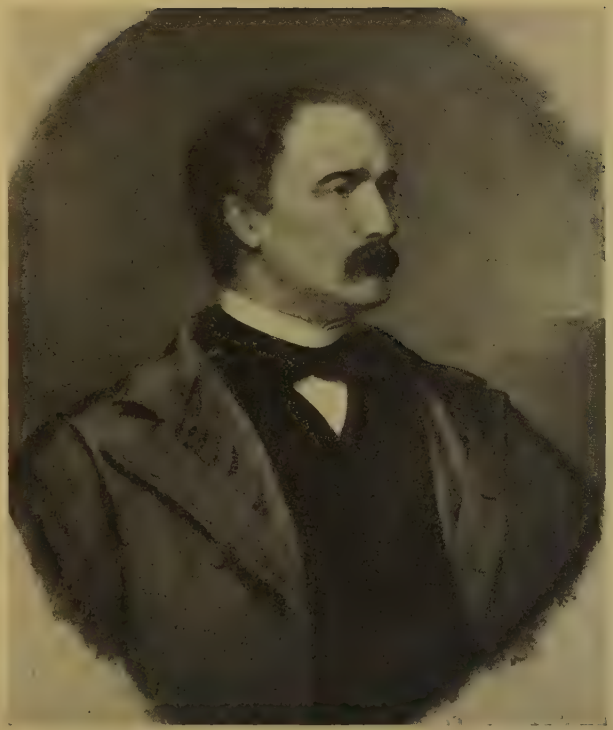
The United States Trust Company of New York, as Executor of Mr. Stuyvesant's will, was advised by its attorneys that, in the State of New York, the right to make a testamentary disposition of property is limited to a gift or a bequest and that in their opinion, since the direction in the will that the portraits and miniatures be destroyed was neither a gift nor a bequest, it was an invalid testamentary disposition and that it would be unwise for the

Executor to carry out that direction without a determination of the Surrogate's Court as to the validity of the provision. Pending a proceeding in the Surrogate's Court, the portraits and miniatures were placed in the custody of this Society for safekeeping.

In the proceeding for the final settlement of the accounts of the United States Trust Company as Executor of Mr. Stuyvesant's will, the Surrogate was asked for instructions as to whether the family portraits and miniatures should be destroyed or should be turned over to St. Luke's Hospital as part of the residuary estate. The Surrogate first held that the provision in the will was a mandate to the Executor to dispose of the family portraits and miniatures as therein directed, but on a motion for leave to reargue this question the Surrogate, in effect, held that the controversial provision was invalid, although he did not make an express statement to that effect in his decision, but directed that the portrait of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr., by de Marandal be delivered to St. Luke's Hospital and that the other portraits and miniatures be retained by The New-York Historical Society for such disposition as might be deemed proper by the Society.

In the process of settling the estate, the contents of the house were sold at auction with the exception of the family papers and portraits. The manuscripts, numbering something over 8,000 pieces, included the business and personal papers of Goldsbrow Banyar, Deputy Secretary of the Colony of New York before the Revolution, with others having to do with the famous firm of Leroy, Bayard & Co. and Henry and John White, together with the recent estate papers of the late Mr. Stuyvesant. These were generously given to our Society by St. Luke's Hospital, the residuary legatee. The family portraits, including twelve paintings, three miniatures, one silhouette, and about 150 photographs were left for study in the care of our Society until their fate should be decided.

Under the terms of Mr. Stuyvesant's will, St. Luke's Hospital was obligated to use the funds available from his estate together with the funds available from the estates of his sisters, Anne



[12] AUGUSTUS VAN HORNE STUYVESANT, SR. (1838–1918)

[15] MRS. A. V. H. STUYVESANT, SR. (1842–1872)

Attributed to George Augustus Baker, Jr., *c.* 1869

White Stuyvesant and Catherine Elizabeth Steward Stuyvesant, for the erection of a hospital as a memorial to their parents, Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr., and Harriet LeRoy Steward Stuyvesant. St. Luke's Hospital wished to have the portrait of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr., by R. de Marandal to hang in the Memorial Hospital when completed, but was willing to have the other portraits and the miniatures to which it was entitled as residuary legatee retained by the Society.

The Stuyvesant portraits having thus been placed in our permanent care, it then became our pleasant and often exciting duty to clean, restore, and preserve them and, if possible, to authenticate and identify them both as to artist and subject. Since their late owner presumably knew, or thought he knew, the subjects of the portraits and miniatures and since he had planned their destruction, he did not think it necessary to identify them by labels or other memoranda. So, when they were first examined, before cleaning, none of the artists of the twelve paintings were identified and only two of the subjects, both of which later proved to be fraudulent. At first glance, only one of the smaller portraits could be identified. Cleaning brought out the signatures of some of the artists and careful study identified others so that we now feel confident that we have proven two of the portraits fraudulent and have identified nine of the artists and the remaining fourteen of the subjects.

To begin with, it was found necessary to trace, as completely as possible, eight generations of the ancestors of the late Mr. Stuyvesant, with their families, a task which previously had never been done with any thoroughness. A search of the vital records, of unpublished wills, deeds, letters and inventories added many necessary clues. A study of the 150 family photographs, plus the aid of living relatives of the family, helped identify the later portraits.

Let us now look at the individual portraits, beginning with the late owner's parents. We have first a pair of oval oil portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr., attributed by

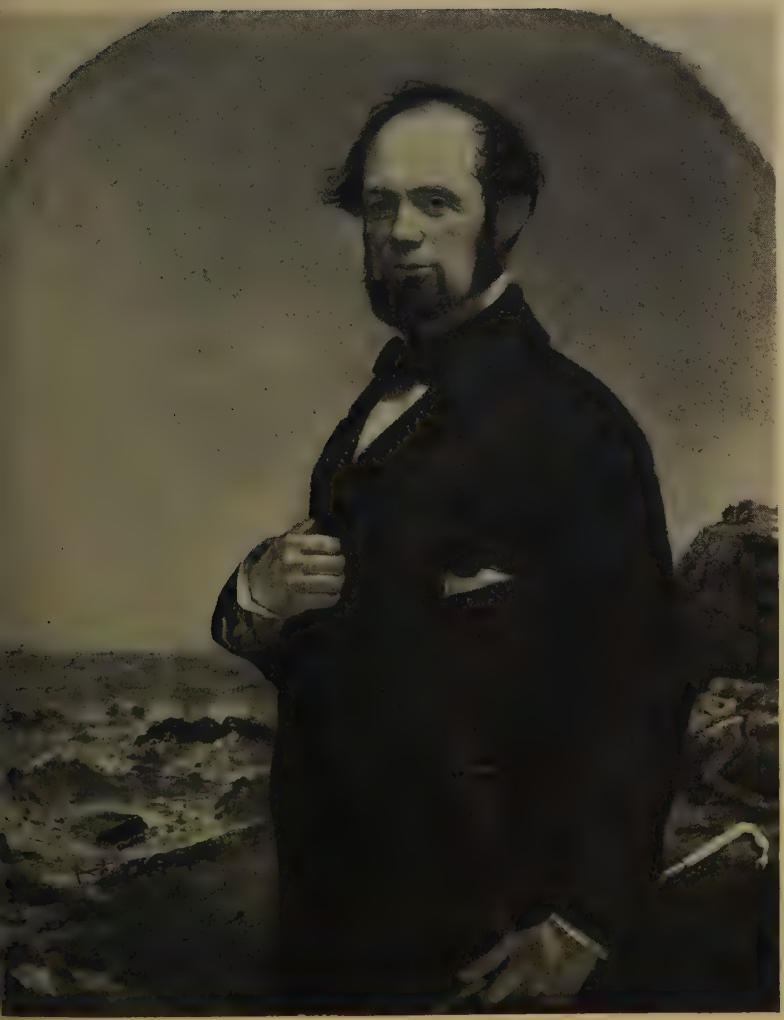
the Frick Art Reference Library to George A. Baker, Jr. (1821–1880), which must have been painted between 1864 when they were married and 1872 when Mrs. Stuyvesant died. Between these dates his age was 26 to 34 and hers 22 to 30. Though these may be wedding portraits it is possible that they were a little later, perhaps 1869. They are easily identified by comparison with contemporary photographs.

We also have a charming small watercolor portrait made by an unknown artist about 1850–1852 of Mrs. Stuyvesant (Harriet LeRoy Steward of Goshen, N.Y.) when she was a little girl about eight or ten years old, identified without difficulty by comparison with her other portraits.

A three-quarters-length oil portrait of the late owner's grandfather, Gerard Stuyvesant (1805–1859), aged 51, with a seascape in the background proved on being cleaned to be signed: *T. Hicks, 1856* (Thomas Hicks, 1823–1890). It is identified as to subject by comparison with other portraits and by reference to the inventory of the estate of Anne W. Stuyvesant, 1938. There is also a three-quarters-length portrait of the same subject signed: *Thomas Hicks, July 1860*, copied by the original artist from the previous portrait the year after the subject's death, showing him indoors in a more formal costume but with the same cane. This portrait is identified as to artist and subject in the inventory of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr., 1918.

A fully identified miniature of Mrs. Gerard (Susan Rivington Van Horne) Stuyvesant (1812–1899) is signed: *R. M. Staigg, 1838* (Richard Morell Staigg, 1817–1881), with her name: *Susan Rivington Stuyvesant* engraved on the back of the gold frame. It is mentioned in the inventory of the estate of A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Sr., 1918. She had some ability as an artist as we will soon discover.

Now we come to two interesting portraits which created considerable excitement when we first saw them in a storage warehouse, for we wanted so much to have them prove to be genuine. Since they are part of the collection, we must record them but



[20] GERARD STUYVESANT (1805–1859)

By Thomas Hicks, 1856

Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957

only as a warning to future students for, as Stuyvesant portraits, they are complete frauds. The first is apparently a seventeenth-century European oil portrait of an elderly widow which purports to be none other than Margaret Hardenstein, first wife of Reverend Balthazar Johannes Stuyvesant and mother of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant. A faded inscription on a slip of old paper pasted on the stretcher reads: "Portrait of the Mother of Peter Stuyvesant from my friend Dr. David Hosack who got it from the Bayards, J.F." The Bayards in New Amsterdam were the descendants of Petrus Stuyvesant's sister Anna who married Samuel Bayard—an excellent provenance for the portrait, if true. *J.F.* was, of course, Dr. John Wakefield Francis, pupil and later partner of Dr. David Hosack. The latter was a Founder and President and the former a Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of our Society, so our excitement at reading the inscription was natural. But is was hard to believe that if this precious pair of antiquaries had secured such an important local portrait they would not have turned it over to our Society. Our suspicions were further aroused when we compared the handwriting of the inscription with genuine examples of Francis' autograph in our collection and found that they could not have been written by the same hand. To make doubly sure we sent a photograph of the picture to a leading authority on early Dutch art, Mr. S.J. Gudlaugsson of The Netherlands Institute for Art History at The Hague, who promptly identified it as a portrait of Anne of Austria, Dowager Queen of France, an early copy of a well-known portrait in Europe. It is interesting that the portrait hung in the main hall of the home of A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Sr., in 1918 but by the time it had descended to his surviving children it had been relegated to the storage warehouse where it was in 1938 (valued at $50.00 in the inventory!) and where it stayed until we helped unearth it in 1953.

And now for the other, but much more interesting, fraudulent picture. This is a three-quarters-length portrait of a seventeenth-century lady in an elaborate costume and purports to be of

[18] MOTHER AND [29] WIFE (SO CALLED) OF GOV. PETER STUYVESANT

Actually Anne of Austria (Dowager Queen of France) and unknown woman

Judith Bayard (1608–1687), daughter of Reverend Lazare Bayard, who married Petrus Stuyvesant in 1645. Since we have the authentic portrait of Petrus himself, this, if genuine, would indeed be a prize. It is inscribed on the back of the canvas: *Judith Bayard Wife of Peter Stuyvesant* in what looks like an early handwriting. The fact that the inscription is in English and not Dutch and that it uses the English form of Stuyvesant's given name made us suspicious, for it would certainly be out of character for a Dutch artist or subject to use any but a Dutch inscription. A slip pasted on the back of the stretcher, written in good faith by the former owner, who probably bought it from a rascally dealer, reads: *Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant from the "Mansion House,"* [signed with the initials:] *G. S.* [Gerard Stuyvesant, grandfather of the late owner]. Grandfather Gerard undoubtly believed in the genuineness of the portrait and so did his son, A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Sr., for it hung in his main hallway on 57th Street in 1918, according to his inventory. It still hung there in 1924 when his daughter Catherine's estate was inventoried, but when it descended to her brother and sister it had, by 1938, been relegated

to the warehouse, valued at $40.00, and there we found it. The costume did not seem too impossible even though it suggested a decided Spanish influence, for the Stuyvesants were from Freisland and the Bayards from Brabant, provinces which had been under Spanish dominance and had adopted various features of Spanish costume. However, we did not like the English inscription painted on the back of the canvas, so we sent a photograph to Mr. Gudlaugsson at The Hague who sent this interesting reply: "The other portrait [Mrs. Petrus Stuyvesant] does not look Dutch to me. I would say it has been executed in America in the years of about 1685 to 1695. To judge from the age of the represented lady I would say that she cannot be identical with Judith Bayard who was already born in 1608." The portrait cannot, therefore, be Stuyvesant's wife; but who can it be, especially if, as Mr. Gudlaugsson thinks, it was painted in America? Might it have been the wife of some Spanish grandee in Central or South America in the seventeenth century? Though it cannot be Mrs. Stuyvesant, it is still an interesting portrait and an intriguing subject for further study.

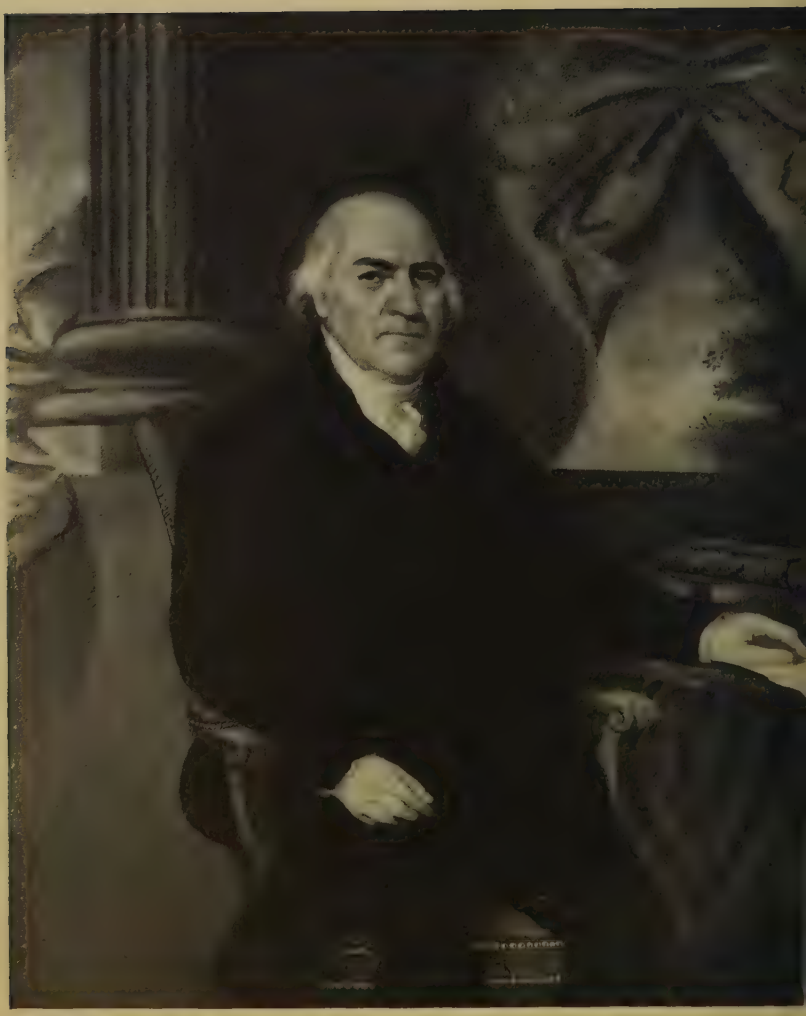
When A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Sr., died in 1918 an oval bust portrait of Petrus Stuyvesant was found hanging in the main hallway of the former's home on 57th Street. There it remained until his daughter Catherine died in 1924 when it became the property of her brother and sister who hung it in the reception room of the Fifth Avenue mansion where it remained until their deaths. This portrait is a copy of the original in our collection and may well have been painted by Mrs. Gerard Stuyvesant since it closely resembles another copy by her bequeathed to our Society by her husband in 1922.

An unsigned oil painting: *The Trumpeter*, represents the scene in Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York* when Corlaer the trumpeter announces to Petrus Stuyvesant the capture of the Dutch Fort Casimir by the Swedes. This amusing canvas, obviously the work of a clever amateur, has so many technical simi-

[28e] THE TRUMPETER (BY SUSAN RIVINGTON STUYVESANT)

larities with the preceding portrait and our other copy by Mrs. Gerard Stuyvesant that there can be little doubt that she painted this as well. Though not strictly a portrait of Petrus Stuyvesant, it is included since it formed part of the family collection. In 1858 the Society secured from the New York Gallery of Fine Arts another genre picture depicting the same episode but painted with much greater skill, spirit, and humor by Asher B. Durand.

Turning from the Stuyvesants to other branches of the family, we find an interesting profile miniature, 5¾ inches tall, with a faint and partly obliterated inscription on the back: *Portraiture of Daniel LeRoy 19* [?] *March* [?] *1782.* [Signed:] *I* [*J*?] *C W.* Consulting the genealogical chart, we find that only one person fits the date of execution, so this charming young man of 21 with his ruffled shirt and cue must be Daniel LeRoy (1761–1791) who was the bachelor brother of Jacob LeRoy (1763–1815) who married Martha Banyar and became the great-great-grand-



[1] GOLDSBROW BANYAR, SR. (1724–1815)
Signed: "E.[zra] Ames Pinx^{t} 1802"
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957

father of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., on his mother's side. Unfortunately, we can find no artist of this period with the initials I [or J]. C. W.

We also have in the collection a delicately painted silhouette on plaster, by an unknown artist, 3 ¾ inches tall, which has a faintly pencilled inscription on the back of the wooden frame reading: *A. Vanhorne*. Written above in a later hand (perhaps of a picture framer) is the name: *Mrs. Gerard Stuyvesant*. This portrait must therefore be a likeness of Augustus Cornelius Van Horne (1765–1853), father of Mrs. Gerard Stuyvesant and great-grandfather of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., his namesake.

We now come to the most puzzling and most interesting group of the entire collection, two oil portraits and a miniature of a very old gentleman and an oil portrait, considerably in need of repair, of a charming Colonial young lady. We had no clue as to either the subjects or artists but were so fortunate as to identify them all.

First came a large portrait of a seated gentleman with a high forehead and wavy white hair, wearing a white stock, dark coat and knee breeches, with his left arm resting on a table and with an Ionic column and a view through a curtained window in the background. It was obviously in the manner of Ezra Ames but was not recorded in Bolton and Cortelyou, *Ezra Ames of Albany*. However, both Mrs. Cortelyou and Mr. Bolton pronounced it a hitherto unknown work by Ames when they saw it before it was cleaned. What was our delight to find, after cleaning, that it was signed and dated in the lower left corner: *E. Ames Pinx^{t} 1802*. This is not only one of the earliest portraits by that artist but is one of two known which is signed on the front of the canvas, the other being a self-portrait of the artist painted about 1814.

But who was this early man of affairs whose progressively ageing countenance peered out at us from the three portraits before us? A careful study of the genealogical chart proved that only one direct ancestor of the Stuyvesants lived to the great age de-

picted in these portraits and that was the late owner's maternal great-great-great-grandfather, Goldsbrow Banyar[1] (1724–1815), Deputy Secretary of the Colony of New York and one of the greatest Colonial land-owners under the British. From the date of the painting we have just examined we know that, in 1802, Banyar was 78 years old and Ames 34. At this time they both lived in Albany and must have known each other well since both were prominent in the affairs of the little city. When we later consulted the 1938 inventory of the estate of Anne W. Stuyvesant, we found this and the following portrait listed by name of subject, but with no artist given, as hanging in the reception room of the Fifth Avenue mansion where they remained until her death and that of her brother.

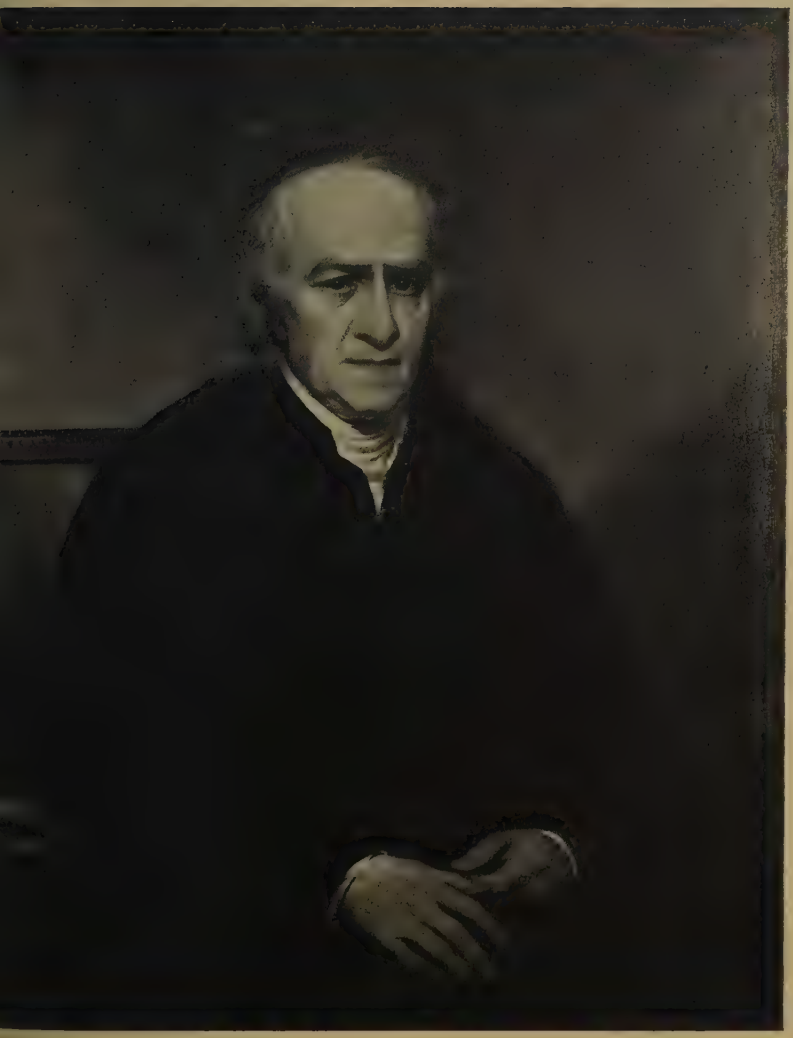
The second portrait shows Mr. Banyar about four years later. In the interval he had aged markedly, which is not surprising since we know that he was then 82 years old, almost blind and a constant sufferer from the gout.[2] The portrait shows the subject as being considerably thinner than in the earlier portrait, with a high forehead, white hair of shoulder length, a drawn, pained expression of eyes and face and with the exquisitely painted hands of a very old man, evidently the work of an artist of distinction.

When we first began studying this portrait we only guessed that, because of his age, it must be of Mr. Banyar since no other ancestor lived to such an advanced age. Then we learned that a descendent had given to the Albany Institute of History and Art a portrait supposed to have been of Mr. Banyar's son, attributed to John Trumbull. Having secured a photograph of this portrait, it was obvious that it was a replica of our portrait of the senior Banyar and could not possibly have been of his son who died in

[1] The spelling which he adopted though his descendants used the more correct spelling of Goldsborough, and we sometimes find the surname incorrectly spelled B–a–n–y–e–r.

Again in 1808 Ames was employed by one of the Banyar family for we find from his Account Book that in May of that year "Mrs. Banyard" [Maria Jay Banyar, daughter of Governor and Chief Justice John Jay and widow of Goldsborough Banyar, Jr.] owed Ames $6.00 for "Cleaning and repairing" Governor Jay's portrait.

[2] Gorham A. Worth, *Random Recollections of Albany* (1866), 112–18.



[2] GOLDSBROW BANYAR, SR. (1724–1815)
By John Trumbull, 1806
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957

1806 at the age of 31. Having alerted Professor Theodore Sizer of Yale, the recognized authority on Trumbull, he paid us a visit and unhesitatingly identified ours as the original life-portrait of Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr., by John Trumbull and that at the Albany Institute as a replica by the same artist. Soon after visiting us, Professor Sizer sent us from a Trumbull account book at Yale the following entry: "Sept 10th [1806] Rec[d] of Judge [William] Cooper in full for the picture of Mr. Banyar $50." This would seem to indicate that Judge William Cooper, founder of Cooperstown and a close friend and lifelong business associate of Banyar, had paid Trumbull to paint our original, perhaps as a gift to the subject.[3] This portrait, and presumably the others of Banyar and his wife, descended from Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr., to his oldest surviving child, Martha Banyar (Mrs. Jacob LeRoy), to her daughter Harriot Banyar LeRoy (Mrs. Campbell P. White), to her daughter Catherine Elizabeth White (Mrs. John Steward), to her daughter Harriet LeRoy Steward (Mrs. Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr.), to her daughter Anne W. Stuyvesant, to her brother A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Jr., from whose estate it came to our Society.

Regarding the Banyar portrait at the Albany Institute, Professor Sizer says in their October 1957 *Bulletin:* "After studying both portraits of the Senior Banyar the writer believes, based on stylistic evidence alone, that the portrait, hitherto unknown to him, which has just come to the New York institution, is the original (which Judge William Cooper ordered and paid for) and that the version at Albany, painted presumably the same year, is the replica." In the replica the facial expression has been softened and made less pained and ill-looking, probably at the request of the family. This was the portrait about which Reverend Robert Bolton commented in 1881 that he had examined in the home of Robert H. Ludlow on Cornell's Neck, town of Westchester, a portrait of Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr., which he described as "by

[3] Theodore Sizer, "Correcting the Record," *Albany Institute of History and Art Bulletin,* October 1957, 2–4.

Colonel [John] Trumbull, one of his best portraits."[4] This portrait descended from Cornelia LeRoy (youngest child of Jacob LeRoy and Martha Banyar) who married Robert Henry Ludlow, to her son Banyar Ludlow who married Lydia Cargill Ellis, mother of Cornelia LeRoy Ellis, whose first husband was Arthur Ludlow Clark, and whose son was Gerardus Banyar Clark. The latter's grandmother, Mrs. Banyar Ludlow, bequeathed the portrait to him and he presented it to the Albany Institute.

Our third portrait of Goldsbrow Banyar shows the head and shoulders of a very old gentleman with long white hair and a rather pleasant expression of his ageing eyes and mouth. It is a miniature of 3 ⅛ by 2 ⅜ inches and at first glance resembled the work of Edward Greene Malbone (1777–1807) but was too late to have been executed by that artist. Since the technique of Malbone's pupil, Anson Dickinson (1779–1852), resembles that of his master, and since he was at work in upper New York State

[4] Robert Bolton, *History of Westchester County* (1881), II: 424.

GOLDSBROW BANYAR, SR. (1724–1815)

[4] By Anson Dickinson, 1808 [5] Replica, 1825 or 1826

at this period, we turned to the *List of Miniatures Painted by Anson Dickinson, 1803–1852*, edited by Mary Helen Kidder [Mrs. Emerson Greenaway], 1937, p. 11, where we discovered that, on June 4, 1808, he executed a miniature of *Mr. [Goldsbrow] Banyar*. This must have been the senior Banyar since his son and namesake had died in 1806. On the following page we found a record that Dickinson also did miniatures on March 8, 1809, of Miss Sally Banyar [Sarah Jay Banyar, daughter of Goldsborough Banyar, Jr.] and Mrs. Banyar [Mrs. Goldsborough Banyar, Jr.], the senior Mrs. Banyar having died in 1808. Also, on December 16, 1825, and on September 15, 1826, he made miniatures of *Mr. Banyar*, probably replicas of the 1808 portrait of Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr., which represented the old gentleman at the age of 84.

Another miniature of Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr., with exactly the same pose and expression is owned by Mrs. Frederick William (Helen Jay) Kobbé of New York. Though the coat and vest are gray rather than black, as in our miniature, and though the technique is not identical, it may well be one of the replicas painted in 1825–1826 of our miniature by Anson Dickinson, especially since Mrs. Kobbé's miniature descended to her from Mrs. Goldsborough Banyar, Jr., as follows: Mrs. Goldsborough Banyar, Jr. (Maria, daughter of John Jay), to her niece Matilda Jay (Mrs. Matthew Clarkson, Mrs. Kobbé's great-aunt), to her son, Banyar Clarkson, to Mrs. Kobbé.

The last and in some ways the most interesting and puzzling of the Stuyvesant family paintings is a bust portrait of a smiling young lady in her late teens in a bead-decorated gown and with a rose in her hair. There was no indication of either artist or subject but it was evidently painted in mid-eighteenth century. Since the paint was flaking badly, except on the face, and since the whole picture was grimy with dirt and old varnish, it was promptly given to our restorer for complete renovation. What was our delight to find under the dirt of two hundred years the signature in the lower right corner of *J.[oseph] Blackburn [feci]t*

[6] MRS. GOLDSBROW (ELIZABETH NADEN) BANYAR (*c.* 1739–1808)
Signed: "J.[oseph] Blackburn [pinxi]t 1756
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957

1756, a Colonial artist not previously represented in our collection!

Since this distinguished artist came from Bermuda to New England in 1753, was in Providence in 1754, did his main work in Boston from 1755 to 1760, and was back in London in 1764, is was apparent that we must find a Stuyvesant ancestor who was also in Boston in 1756, the year of the portrait, since Blackburn appears to have worked only in Boston in that year and never in New York. Since the Stuyvesants and their kin were apparently all New Yorkers, it seemed at first impossible to find a young lady of the family who was surely in Boston in that year but finally, by searching the manuscript records of the family and other papers in our collection, she was discovered.

In 1756, the year Joseph Blackburn painted the portrait of our young lady in Boston, Major Abraham Mortier (*c.* 1712–1772), Deputy Paymaster General of the British Army in North America, was stationed there, as we know from a pay warrant issued by Major General William Shirley at Boston, March 17, 1756, and addressed: *To Abram Mortier, Esq. Deputy Paymaster at Boston, New England.*[5] He had married Martha Naden (she died about 1787; her maiden name and the given name of her first husband are unknown) who had a daughter, Elizabeth Naden (*c.* 1739–1808), who lived with her mother and stepfather prior to her marriage, as we know from the journal of Colonel James Montresor, written at Albany, June 20, 1757, where we learn that: "Mr. and Mr. [Abraham] Mortier, [Captain John] Montresor and Miss Betsy [Elizabeth Naden] came from New York here."[6]

Elizabeth Naden, daughter of Martha Mortier by her first husband, married first John Appy (1725–1761), Secretary to the General and Judge Advocate of the British Army in North America, on December 11, 1757. After his death on October 14, 1761, she again lived with the Mortiers until her second marriage

[5] Papers of William Alexander, Lord Stirling, 2:1756–9, at NYHS.
[6] *The Montresor Journals*, in NYHS *Collections*, XIV (1881), 16.

with Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr. (1724–1815), on February 5, 1767.[7] In a letter of which our Society owns the retained copy, Banyar wrote to his chief and patron, George Clark, Jr., on February 21, 1767, announcing his marriage to a "lady about 27, widow of Mr. [John] Appy, late Secretary to the Commander in Chief of the Forces, and daughter-in-law [*i.e.*, stepdaughter] to Mr. [Abraham] Mortier, Deputy Paymaster General here." Since Banyar says that his wife was about 27 years old she must have been born about 1739 which would have made her about 17 years of age at the time the portrait was painted. We can therefore have little doubt that we have here the portrait of Mrs. Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr., painted while she was living in Boston with her mother and step-father in 1756, the year before her first marriage. This portrait descended, as did those of her husband, to the last of the Stuyvesants and thence to our Society. And so, we hope, the case of the Stuyvesant portraits is closed.

Acknowledgments

The following good friends have been particularly helpful: Miss Margaret Steward and her brother Mr. Gilbert Steward who helped identify the later portraits; the staff of the Frick Art Reference Library; the officers of St. Luke's Hospital who gave us the Stuyvesant Family Papers and cooperated in our securing the portraits and miniatures; Mr. S. J. Gudlaugsson who helped prove two of the portrait-identifications to be forgeries; Professor Theodore Sizer and Miss Janet R. MacFarlane who helped identify the portrait of Goldsbrow Banyar by Trumbull; Mrs. Irwin F. Cortelyou and Mr. Theodore Bolton who helped identify the portrait of Goldsbrow Banyar by Ames; Mrs. Frederick William Kobbé and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish who, through the Frick Art Reference Library, supplied photographs of family portraits in their possession; Mrs. Ingrid-Maerta Held, our painting restorer, and other members of our library and museum staffs.

[7] Norreys Jephson O'Connor, *A servant of the Crown in England and in North America, 1756–1761, based upon the papers of John Appy, Secretary and Judge Advocate of His Majesty's Forces* (New York: 1938).

For Appy's dates see obituary in N.Y. *Mercury*, October 19, 1761.

Dates of the marriages of John Appy and Elizabeth Naden and of Goldsbrow Banyar, Sr., and Elizabeth (Naden) Appy, from the records of Trinity Church.

CHECKLIST OF THE STUYVESANT PORTRAITS

This checklist includes not only the portraits of the Stuyvesants and their kin received from the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., described more fully in the foregoing article, but also those previously in our collection and a few related portraits owned elsewhere.

GOLDSBROW BANYAR (1724–1815). Deputy Secretary of the Province of New York. Maternal great-great-great-grandfather of A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Jr.

1. By EZRA AMES (1768–1836).
   Signed and dated in lower left corner: *E. Ames Pinx^{t} 1802.*
   Oil on canvas. 52 x 42 inches.
   Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

2. By JOHN TRUMBULL (1756–1843).
   Unsigned and undated but entered in Trumbull's account book at Yale: "Sept 10th [1806] Rec^{d} of Judge [William] Cooper in full for the picture of Mr. [Goldsbrow] Banyar $50.00." Identified by Professor Theodore Sizer of Yale as the original from life by John Trumbull.
   Oil on canvas. 36 x 28 inches.
   Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

3. By JOHN TRUMBULL (1756–1843).
   Unsigned and undated but identified as by Trumbull by family tradition. Further identified by Professor Theodore Sizer as a replica by Trumbull of No. 2. See *Albany Institute of History and Art Bulletin*, December 1953, p. 3; and October 1957, pp. 2–4.
   Oil on canvas. Approximately the size of No. 2.
   Gift of Mr. G. B. Clark to the Albany Institute of History and Art, 1953.

4. By ANSON DICKINSON (1779–1852).
   Unsigned and undated but entered in Mary Helen Kidder, ed., *List of Miniatures Painted by Anson Dickinson, 1803–1851* (1937), p. 11, as having been painted by him on June 4, 1808.
   Miniature on ivory. 3 ⅛ x 2 ⅜ inches.
   Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

5. By ANSON DICKINSON (1779–1852). Replica by Dickinson of No. 4.
   Unsigned and undated but identified in Mary Helen Kidder, ed., *List of Miniatures Painted by Anson Dickinson, 1803–1851* (1937), p. 12, as either the replica painted December 16, 1825, or that painted September 15, 1826.

Miniature on ivory. Approximately the size of No. 4.
Owned by Mrs. Frederick William Kobbé.

MRS. GOLDSBROW (ELIZABETH NADEN) BANYAR (*c.* 1739–1808).

6. By Joseph Blackburn (*fl.* 1752–1778).
Signed at lower right: *J. Blackburn* [*pinxi*]*t 1756.*
Oil on canvas. 30 x 25 inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

REVEREND LAZARE BAYARD (15??–1643). Minister of the Walloon Church at Breda, Holland. Father of Samuel Bayard, and of Judith Bayard who married Governor Petrus Stuyvesant.

7. By Unidentified Dutch Artist, 1636.
Partly obliterated inscription on hourglass at right: *Æta* [?].
Oil on wood panel. 45 x 33 inches.
Bequest of Miss Cora V. R. Catlin, in the name of her brother, N. W. Stuyvesant Catlin, his great-great-great-great-great-grandson, 1915.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 41. According to family tradition, the three portraits of members of the Bayard family (Nos. 7, 8, and 9) were brought to this country by Governor Peter Stuyvesant in 1647.

MRS. LAZARE BAYARD (1574–16??). Judith De Vos, mother-in-law of Governor Peter Stuyvesant.

[7] REV. LAZARE BAYARD, 1636

[8] MRS. LAZARE BAYARD, 1636

[9] BAYARD HOMESTEAD AT ALPHEN, HOLLAND (BY G. DONCK)

8. By UNIDENTIFIED DUTCH ARTIST, 1636.
Dated at left: *Æta 62 Aº 1636.*
Oil on wood panel. 45 x 33 inches.
Bequest of Miss Cora V. R. Catlin, in the name of her brother, N. W. Stuyvesant Catlin, great-great-great-great-great-grandson of Mrs. Bayard, 1915.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 42. A pair of modern miniature heads, copied, not too accurately, from Nos. 7 and 8, by an unknown artist owned by Mr. George A. Harlow in 1941. NYHS has copy photographs of them, courtesy of Mr. Thomas H. Barber.

THE BAYARD HOMESTEAD AT ALPHEN, HOLLAND. With portraits of Samuel Bayard (son of Reverend Lazare Bayard and Judith De Vos Bayard) and of his wife, Anna. He married at Amsterdam in 1638 Anna Stuyvesant, sister of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant.

9. By G. DONCK (*fl.* 1610–1644).
Oil on wood panel. 34½ x 48 inches.
Bequest of Miss Cora V. R. Catlin, in the name of her brother, N. W. Stuyvesant Catlin, their great-great-great-great-grandnephew, 1915.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 43. This portrait depicting *Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bayard* in the grounds of their home at Alphen, Holland, was

probably painted about 1644, since he bought property there in February of 1644, and since two of his children were baptized there in 1644 and 1646. See Alma R. Van Hoevenberg, "The Stuyvesants in The Netherlands and New Netherland," *The New-York Historical Society Quarterly Bulletin*, X, 5 (April, 1926). Compare with G. Donck: *Portrait of the Nobleman J. Van Haensbeck and wife in landscape*. Signed and dated 1636. On wood, *c.* 40 ¾ x 14 ½ in., in National Gallery, London, No. 1305.

MRS. AUGUSTUS JAY (1670–?). Anna Maria Bayard, daughter of Balthazar Bayard and Maria (Loockermans) Bayard. The latter were the great-great-great-great-grandparents of A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Jr.

10. By GERRET DUYCKINCK (1660–*c.* 1710).
Oil on wood panel (painted oval). 38 x 29 inches.
Gift of Edward F. DeLancey, 1896.

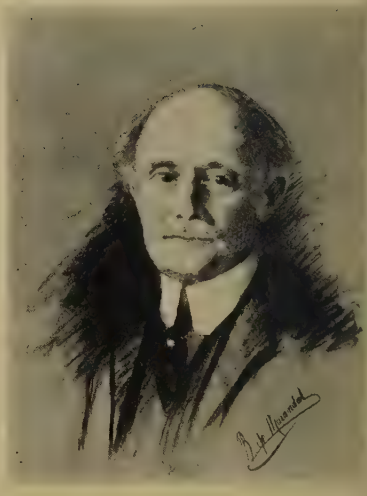
NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 389.

DANIEL LEROY (1761–1791). Son of Jacobus LeRoy (1727–1793) and brother of Jacob LeRoy (1763–1815), husband of Martha (Banyar) LeRoy (1769–1829), the latter being the great-great-grandparents of A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Jr.

11. By UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST: I [J?]. C. W.
Signed and dated on back: *Portraiture of Daniel LeRoy 19* [?] *March* [?] *1782. I* [J?] *C W.*
Oval pastel profile on paper. 5 ¼ x 3 ⅞ inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

[10] MRS. AUGUSTUS JAY (1670–?)

[11] DANIEL LEROY (1761–1791)



[13] A. V. H. STUYVESANT, SR. (1838–1918) BY ALYN WILLIAMS AND [14] BY R. DE MARANDAL

AUGUSTUS VAN HORNE STUYVESANT, SR. (1838–1918). Son of Gerard and Susan (Rivington Van Horne) Stuyvesant.

12. Unsigned but attributed by Frick Art Reference Library to George Augustus Baker, Jr. (1821–1880), *c.* 1869.
Oil on canvas, framed oval. 30 x 25 inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

13. By Alyn Williams (1865–?).
Signed across bottom: *Alyn Williams prms* [?] *1912.*
Miniature on ivory. 4⅜ x 3⅜ inches.
Bequest of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1953.

14. By R. de Marandal.
Signed at lower right: *R. de Marandal* [*c.* 1910–1915].
Pastel on paper. *c.* 30 x 25 inches.
Owned by St. Luke's Hospital, gift of estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

MRS. AUGUSTUS VAN HORNE STUYVESANT, SR. (HARRIET LeROY STEWARD) (1842–1872).

15. Unsigned but attributed by Frick Art Reference Library to George Augustus Baker, Jr. (1821–1880), *c.* 1869.
Oil on canvas, framed oval. 36 x 29 inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

16. Unsigned and undated but *c.* 1850–1852, as a child of eight or ten years.
Watercolor on paper, framed oval. 14¾ x 12½ inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

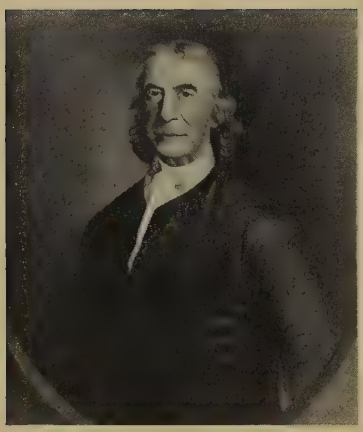
17. By Giuseppe or Joseph Fagnani (1819–1873).
Signed below portrait: *Fagnani, 1853.*
Oval pastel on paper. *c.* 10 x 8½ inches.
Owned by Miss Margaret Steward, gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957. (Miss Steward owns companion portraits of the subject's sisters.)

MRS. BALTHAZAR JOHANNES STUYVESANT (MARGARET HARDENSTEIN) (*c.* 1575–1625). Mother of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant. [Erroneously so-called; actually a portrait of Anne of Austria.]

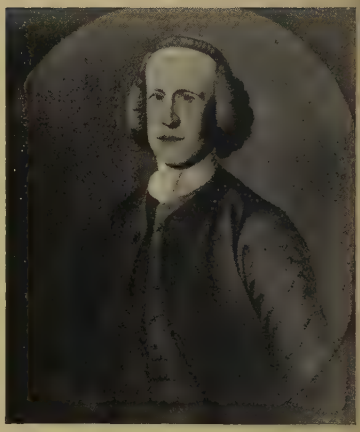
18. Unsigned and undated but late seventeenth century.
Oil on canvas. 24¼ x 20¼ inches.
Early copy of portrait of Anne of Austria, Dowager Queen of France, falsely identified by inscription on back of frame as the portrait of Governor Stuyvesant's mother.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

GERARDUS STUYVESANT (1690–1777). Son of Nicholas William Stuyvesant and Elizabeth (Van Slichtenhorst) Stuyvesant. He married in 1720 Judith Bayard, daughter of Balthazar Bayard, and a granddaughter of Samuel Bayard and Anna (Stuyvesant) Bayard.

[17] MRS. A. V. H. STUYVESANT, SR., BY FAGNANI, 1853
AND [16] BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST



[19] GERARDUS STUYVESANT
(1690–1777)



[25] N. W. STUYVESANT
(1722–1780)

19. By THOMAS MCILWORTH (*fl.* 1758–1769).
Oil on canvas (painted oval). 30 x 25 inches.
Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his great-great-grandson, 1905.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 722; *NYHS Quarterly*, XXXV, 2 (April, 1951), p. 119.

GERARD STUYVESANT (1805–1859). Grandfather of A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Jr.

20. By THOMAS HICKS (1823–1890).
Signed at lower right: *T. Hicks 1856.*
Oil on canvas. 46 x 36 inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

21. By THOMAS HICKS (1823–1890).
Signed at lower right: *Thomas Hicks, July, 1860.*
Posthumous portrait, face copied from No. 20, the year after the death of the subject.
Oil on canvas. 48 x 36 inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

GERARD STUYVESANT (1805–1859) FAMILY GROUP IN FANCY DRESS. Left to right: Robert Reade Stuyvesant (1837–1906), Gerard Stuyvesant (1805–1859), Mrs. Gerard Stuyvesant (Susan Rivington Van Horne) (1812–1899), Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr. (1838–1918).

22. Unsigned and undated but *c.* 1844–1848.
Oval oil on canvas. 57 x 68 ½ inches.
Bequest of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1953.

MRS. GERARD STUYVESANT (SUSAN RIVINGTON VAN HORNE) (1812–1899). Mother of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Sr.

23. By RICHARD MORELL STAIGG (1817–1881).
Signed at right: *R. M. Staigg 1838.*
Oval miniature, oil on ivory. 4 ¼ x 3 ⅜ inches.
In gold frame, engraved on back: *Susan Rivington Stuyvesant.*
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

[32] PETER STUYVESANT
(1796–1860)

[23] MRS. GERARD STUYVESANT
(1812–1899)

NICHOLAS WILLIAM STUYVESANT (1648–1698). Son of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant and Judith (Bayard) Stuyvesant. His second wife was Elizabeth Van Slichtenhorst.

24. By UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST, 1666.
Inscribed and dated, lower right: *Ætatis Sua 17 Anº 1666.*
Oil on canvas. 35 x 25 ⅝ inches.
Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his great-great-great-grandson, 1905.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 723. John Hill Morgan in his *Early American Painters* (The New-York Historical Society, 1921), p. 26, pointed out that this portrait "cannot be the one referred to by Henri Cou-

turier's wife as she stated that her husband had 'drawn' the pictures of Governor Stuyvesant's sons before 1663." It has since that time been twice attributed to Couturier by Charles X. Harris in articles published in the Society's *Quarterly Bulletin*, in April, 1926, and July, 1927. No convincing key-picture by Couturier exists. William Sawitzky saw technical and stylistic connections between this picture and the panel portraits of *Governor Petrus Stuyvesant* (No. 28) and *Cornelis Steenwyck*. He suggested that all three portraits were painted at New York during the 1660s by an as yet unidentified artist.

[24] NICHOLAS WILLIAM STUYVESANT (1648–1698)

NICHOLAS WILLIAM STUYVESANT (1722–1780). Son of Gerardus Stuyvesant and Judith (Bayard) Stuyvesant. He died unmarried.

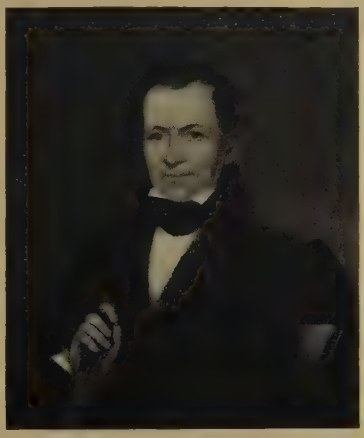
25. By THOMAS MCILWORTH (*fl.* 1758–1769).
Oil on canvas (painted oval). 30 x 25 inches.
Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his great-grandnephew, 1905.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 724; *NYHS Quarterly*, XXXV, 2 (April, 1951), p. 119.

NICHOLAS WILLIAM STUYVESANT (1769–1833). Son of Petrus Stuyvesant and Margaret (Livingston) Stuyvesant, and grandson of Gerardus Stuyvesant. He married in 1795 Catharine Livingston Reade.

26. By UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST.
Oil on canvas. 30 x 25 inches.
Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his grandson, 1905.
NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 725.

[27] MRS. N. W. STUYVESANT
(1775–1862)



[26] N. W. STUYVESANT
(1769–1833)

MRS. NICHOLAS WILLIAM STUYVESANT (CATHARINE LIVINGSTON READE) (1775–1862).

27. By ASHER BROWN DURAND (1796–1886).
Inscribed on back of canvas: *Painted by Durand.*
Oil on canvas. 27 x 34 inches.
Gift of the Henry Dudley family, 1957.

GOVERNOR PETRUS STUYVESANT (1592–1672). Director-General of New Netherland, 1646–1664. He married in 1645 Judith Bayard, daughter of Reverend Lazare Bayard and Judith (De Vos) Bayard.

28. Painted from life by UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST.
Oil on wood panel (painted oval). 21 ½ x 17 ½ inches.
Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his great-great-great-great-grandson, 1909.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 726. This portrait was tentatively attributed by John Hill Morgan in his *Early American Painters* (The New-York Historical Society, 1921) page 24, to Henri Couturier, on the assumption that it might be the one referred to by Mrs. Henri Couturier, for painting which her husband had received his burgher-right. It has been attributed by Charles X. Harris and others to Jacobus Gerritsen Strycker. William Sawitzky saw technical and stylistic connections between this picture and the portraits of Stuyvesant's son, *Nicholas William Stuyvesant* (No. 24) and of *Cornelis Steenwyck*. He suggested that all three portraits were painted at New York during the 1660s by an as yet unidentified artist.

28a. By Unidentified Artist after the original portrait No. 28.
Oil on canvas (painted oval). 30 x 25 inches.
Gift of Nicholas William Stuyvesant, his great-great-grandson, 1829.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 727.

28b. By Susan Rivington Stuyvesant after the original portrait No. 28.
Oil on canvas (painted oval). 24 x 20 inches.
Bequest of Gerard Stuyvesant, 1922.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 728.

28c. By Susan Rivington Stuyvesant after the original portrait No. 28.
Oil on canvas (painted oval). 22 x 18 inches.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

28d. Miniature (unlocated) after the original portrait No. 28.
Copy of a photograph of it is owned by Mrs. James L. Goodwin, 1957.

28e. The Trumpeter: Governor Peter Stuyvesant Receiving News of the Surrender of Fort Casimir (Illustrating episode from Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York*).
By Susan Rivington Stuyvesant.
Oil on canvas. 18 x 23 ¾ inches. Unsigned and undated.
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

28f. The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant on Learning of the Capture of Fort Casimir (Illustrating the same episode as No. 28e).
By Asher Brown Durand (1796–1886).
Unsigned but painted for Luman Reed, *c.* 1835; Art-Union Catalogue of Washington Exhibit, 1853, No. 52; New York Gallery of Fine Arts (Reed Collection).
Oil on canvas. 24 ¼ x 30 ¼ inches.
Gift of New York Gallery of Fine Arts, 1858.

MRS. PETRUS STUYVESANT (JUDITH BAYARD) (?–1687).
[Erroneously so-called; the subject is not now identifiable.]

29. Unsigned and undated 17th-century portrait by unknown artist.

Oil on canvas. 40 x 33 inches.
Portrait of an unidentified young woman with fraudulent inscription on back of canvas: *Judith Bayard Wife of Peter Stuyvesant.*
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.

29a. We have a copy of a photograph owned by Mrs. James L. Goodwin of an unlocated miniature of a young Dutch woman purporting to be Mrs. Petrus Stuyvesant. It shows a three-quarters-length portrait of a woman in Dutch costume of the late 17th century, including a ruff and white cap, but it is a copy of our No. 8, Mrs. Lazare Bayard, the mother of Mrs. Petrus Stuyvesant. A modern copy made as a companion to 28d.

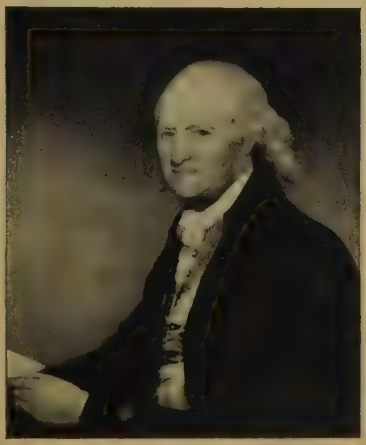
PETRUS STUYVESANT (1727–1805). Son of Gerardus Stuyvesant and Judith (Bayard) Stuyvesant. He married Margaret Livingston, daughter of Gilbert Livingston, in 1764.

30. By GILBERT STUART (1755–1828).
Oil on canvas. 30 x 25 inches.
Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his great-grandson, 1905.

NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 730. According to Lawrence Park, *Gilbert Stuart* (New York: 1926), II, 725, this portrait was painted at Philadelphia about 1802. William Sawitzky, however, ascribes it to the artist's New York period, 1793–94.

MRS. PETRUS STUYVESANT (MARGARET LIVINGSTON) (1738–1818).

[31] MRS. PETRUS STUYVESANT (1738–1818)



[30] PETRUS STUYVESANT (1727–1805)

31. Unsigned and undated American early-19th-century portrait.
Oil on canvas.
Owned by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, 1957.

PETER STUYVESANT (1796–1860). Son of Nicholas William Stuyvesant and Catharine Livingston (Reade) Stuyvesant.

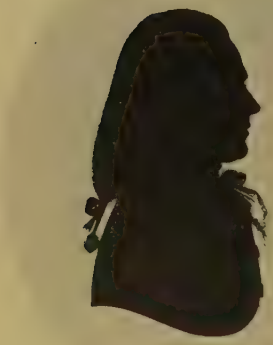
32. By UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST.
Oil on canvas. 30 x 24 ¼ inches.
Gift of Robert Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, his son, 1905.
NYHS Catalogue of American Portraits, No. 729.

PETER GERARD STUYVESANT (1778–1847). Seventh President of NYHS (1836–1839); great-great-grandson of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant.

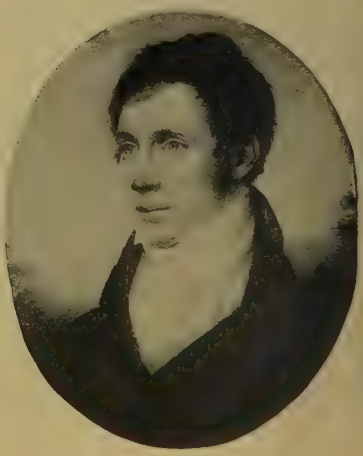
33. Unsigned and undated, but *c.* 1800–1815.
Photograph of unlocated original miniature (NYHS).

AUGUSTUS CORNELIUS VAN HORNE (1765–1853). Great-grandfather of A. V. H. Stuyvesant, Jr.

34. Unsigned and undated.
Silhouette painted on oval plaster. 3 ¾ x 3 inches.
Inscribed in pencil on back of frame: *A. Vanhorne.*
Gift of the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., 1957.



[34] A. C. VAN HORNE
(1765–1853)



[33] P. G. STUYVESANT
(1778–1847)

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Master Roger Williams: A Biography. By Ola Elizabeth Winslow. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1957. xi + 328 pages, notes, biblio., illus., index. $6.00.)

Reviewed by Catherine Owens Peare, *author of* William Penn: A Biography.

The author of a life of Roger Williams is "hard put to it . . . to make him come together as an understandable human being" because of the insufficiency of documentary information, particularly in his early years; but Ola Elizabeth Winslow's gifts were suited to the task, and she has produced an admirable work. With voluminous and painstaking research, and an integrity that is at all times apparent, she has presented the figure of an extraordinary man: preacher, wilderness adventurer, trader, linguist, diplomat, colonial administrator, controversialist, and champion of intellectual freedom—a man who "thought in ultimates."

Roger Williams, whose life spanned most of the century that saw the development of Puritanism and the slowly rising revolt against controlled thought, is portrayed against the backdrop of his own times. The year 1603, his probable birth date, was the year in which Elizabeth I died and the rule of the Stuarts began. It could have been a desire for personal freedom of expression that brought Roger Williams to America, but actually we don't know his exact motive for venturing into a new and primitive country. He did not, like such men as Penn and Baltimore, expect to establish a colony. As Miss Winslow puts it, "A ship was sailing and Roger Williams came. Why not?"

She allows his personality to develop interactively with his times and his environment. He was a blunt, outspoken man who could not say *nay* when he meant *yea*, nor could he keep silent when he felt the need to speak. The more familiar he became with the circumstances of the aboriginal population through trading with them, the more concerned he felt for their welfare. A king's patent, he soon said in his famous *Treatise*, could not give valid title to American lands; the lands must be purchased directly from the Indians. To this startling attitude he added others: that an oath ought not to be tendered to an unregenerated man, that duty to God was not enforceable by civil power. His ultimate banishment from the Massachusetts Bay Colony and his arrival in what became Rhode Island is a well-known tale.

It was in an atmosphere of complete freedom that the young man's true potential flowered and his stature increased. Step by step, circumstances led him to the founding of his colony. He had at first simply purchased lands from the Indians that had not yet been taken up, and other settlers came with him or followed soon after. The growth of the settlement made some kind of government necessary, and the greedy glances being

cast on the settlement by Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, and Connecticut forced him to return to England to obtain a charter.

He learned to speak the Indian language fluently, and showed "unsuspected skill" in his diplomatic relations with the powerful tribes of the region. They themselves called him "time after time to the 'smoke-hole' councils of Indians in deadly war mood." His exceptionally long life gave him the opportunity to see his colony through her worst growing pains, her internal disunities and external threats. He saw it, too, become a refuge for almost every kind of non-conformist. "Freedom of different consciences was the principal ground of our Charter."

If at times the reading pace of *Master Roger Williams* seems a little slow, or if the subjunctive appears too often in the early pages, these factors are inherent in the story which the biographer has undertaken to tell. She has steered a skillful narrative course, and step by step she reveals the personality of her subject as she herself discovers it. Roger Williams, she finds, was brusque, blunt, gifted in oratory, magnetic in personality, recklessly courageous, passionate in his espousal of causes, and intense in his convictions. Each of these qualities suggests a man whose temperament needed at all times to breathe the air of freedom, and this makes a life of Roger Williams a most timely volume indeed. In addition to its timeliness, *Master Roger Williams* is a scholarly, well-written, and authentic biography, itself the product of an independent intellect, as any worthwhile book must be.

Albert Gallatin: Jeffersonian Financier and Diplomat. By Raymond Walters, Jr. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1957. viii + 461 pages, notes, biblio., index. $7.00.)

Reviewed by Hal Bridges, *Associate Professor of History, University of Colorado.*

This comprehensive and quietly masterful biography of Albert Gallatin, based upon his papers at The New-York Historical Society, provides riches of information not to be found in Henry Adams' classic study, and elevates Gallatin to new stature alongside Hamilton, Madison, and Jefferson. The Jeffersonian administration, writes Dr. Walters, "was actually a triumvirate of Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin, with the President only a chief among equals and Gallatin's influence reaching deep into every sphere of governmental activity." Though Gallatin as Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1814 adopted many Hamiltonian measures he had once criticized, his Genevan heritage of frugality led him to view the national debt as a national curse. He yearned to pay it off, but unforeseen events, the Barbary War, the Louisiana Purchase, the Embargo, and the War of 1812 prevented him from doing so and pressed him hard to maintain the national credit.

The author portrays President Madison as weak and vacillating and

even less effective than Jefferson in shielding Gallatin from malcontents within the party who hated him for his policy of appointing civil servants on a non-partisan basis. Weary of intra-party discord, and dismayed by the prospect of further deficit-financing of the war, Gallatin persuaded Madison to appoint him a peace negotiator. So began a diplomatic career of nearly seventeen years, during which Gallatin dominated the American commission that negotiated the Peace of Ghent, served as United States minister first to France and then to Great Britain, and masterminded numerous other negotiations with the British, including the settlement of the Northeast and Northwest boundary disputes.

Dr. Walters discovered that a work long respected as a source on Gallatin's diplomacy, *A Great Peace Maker: The Diary of James Gallatin*, edited by Count Gallatin (London and New York: 1914), is a hoax. Having demonstrated this in the *American Historical Review*, July 1957, he contents himself in his book with calling attention to the spurious work in a footnote.

Gallatin as president of the National Bank of New York in his remarkably active old age criticized Andrew Jackson for withdrawing the government deposits from the Bank of the United States, and Nicholas Biddle for contracting loans and calling in specie in August 1833. Gallatin believed that Biddle was deliberately trying to create financial panic as a weapon against Jackson, but not all modern authorities would agree with Dr. Walters' statement that the research of later historians has proved Gallatin right.

One characteristic of Gallatin's long career was nationalism: his Genevan background and wide travels over the United States freed him, the author points out, from sectional and State bias. Another characteristic was balance; in the main he steered an independent course between the extremes of Hamiltonianism and Jeffersonian democracy. His story is that of the nation in its great formative years, and Dr. Walters has told it well. Here for all who enjoy serious, meaty history is a superior book about a superior American.

Charles Herbert Moore, Landscape Painter. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1957. xv + 85 pages of text, 32 pages of illus., appendices, index. $3.50.)

Reviewed by Carolyn Scoon.

The beginning of this monograph on the landscape paintings of Charles Herbert Moore came when the author, the late Dr. Mather, noted art critic, professor of art, and Director of the Art Museum of Princeton University, bought a small landscape as by Thomas Cole. His acute eye discerned that it was not a typical Cole and, when the painting was unframed, the signature of Charles H. Moore was found on the back of the

canvas. The charm of this little picture sent Dr. Mather on a hunt for biographical information about the painter and for more examples of his work. Much to his surprise, he found that the well-known Harvard professor and museum director, Charles Herbert Moore, had been a promising young landscape painter before the academic world claimed him. The resulting investigation led to this little book which was in manuscript form at the time of Dr. Mather's death in 1953. It has now been published in his memory by the Department of Art and Archeology of Princeton University.

Although Moore painted from 1858 to about 1878, only a little more than twenty years, his was a mature talent and one which might have taken him far had he continued in this field instead of giving his whole time to teaching. Dr. Mather rates Moore as high as his predecessors, Durand and Church, and with Kensett and Inness during similar periods of their development. Moore's feeling for composition and his sensitive drawing, shown in the thirty-six illustrations which are so excellently reproduced in this volume, bears out this evaluation.

Dr. Mather also describes Moore's connection with the American Pre-Raphaelite movement and his study with the Master, Ruskin, as well as his relationship with the National Academy of Design and with other artists of the period. His well-written study adds another interesting chapter to the history of 19th-century American painting.

Mr. Lincoln's Navy. By Richard S. West, Jr. (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1957. xiii + 328 pages, illus., maps, biblio., index. $6.50.)

Reviewed by James J. Heslin.

One of the first problems confronting the Union Navy at the beginning of the Civil War was the establishment of an effective blockade against the Confederacy; a blockade involving a coastline 3,549 statute miles in length and including 180 harbors and inlets. To accomplish this formidable task the Union Navy had on hand, as the author points out, forty-two vessels. As the war got under way even this small number was reduced further through destruction or capture by the Confederacy. The North was fortunate, however, in possessing the industrial capacity, not only to provide replacements, but to increase its naval strength substantially.

The development of the Union Navy is a saga in itself, but this volume is concerned chiefly with the major naval campaigns from 1861 to 1865. The contest between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimack*, the capture of New Orleans, the opening of the Mississippi River, and the battle of Mobile Bay are familiar stories, which are not any the less stirring because of that, and Professor West (of the United States Naval Academy) describes these, and other operations, in admirable fashion. It is interesting

to observe that many of the problems which beset Mr. Lincoln's Army—confused lines of command, civilian interference, personality conflicts and uncertainty as to objectives even when campaigns were presumably under way—created difficulties for his Navy as well. Despite these obstacles naval units assisted the army in amphibious assaults, Confederate ports *were* blockaded, if not absolutely at least effectively, and, by the end of the war, the Union Navy had grown into a powerful force consisting of 641 ships of all types.

Mr. West, in focussing attention in this volume (and in his previous books) on the role of the Navy in the Civil War, has made a needed contribution to a relatively neglected aspect of the Civil War.

July, 1863. By Irving Werstein. (New York: Julian Messner, Inc., 1957. 252 pages, biblio., illus. $3.95.)

Reviewed by James J. Heslin.

Conscription was unpopular in the Northern States during the Civil War. All other reasons apart, the provision which permitted payment of three hundred dollars in lieu of service—a sum which could be used, presumably, as a bounty to attract other men into the army—was certain to cause irritation and resentment. There were outbreaks against the draft in various areas; Boston, Portsmouth, N. H., and Troy, N. Y., among other cities, experienced draft riots, but for length, severity and violence, New York City won the unhappy distinction as the scene of the worst disorders.

There were a number of factors peculiar to New York which contributed to the particularly strong outbreak against the draft. The city had a large immigrant population vying with the Negro for unskilled jobs and the prospect of fighting to free more Negroes (as opponents of the draft were quick to describe the purpose of the war), together with the difficulty, if not the impossibility, for this group, of raising three hundred dollars in order to avoid the army, created an atmosphere in which the risk of trouble was great. Curiously, neither the Mayor of the City nor the Governor of the State had been notified as to when the draft was to begin and there were few soldiers available in the city, because of the Gettysburg campaign, to supplement the police force.

The first names were drawn on Saturday, July 11, 1863, and at this time it seemed that the draft in New York City would cause no major difficulty. By the following Monday, however, the situation had changed. The names of men to be drafted had appeared in the Sunday newspapers and, with the realization that conscription was a fact, sentiment changed in expression from jeers and sarcasm to angry protest. Mobs of shouting men and women moved on the Provost Marshal's office, located at Third Avenue and 46th Street, and ransacked the building. The draft riots were under way.

From Monday, July 13, 1863, through Thursday, July 16, when troops recalled to New York began to arrive in numbers, a savage crowd looted and burned residences and business establishments in different parts of the city. By Friday, July 17, the worst was over and, except for sporadic rioting, the city slowly returned to normal, shaken by the death and destruction which had been experienced.

In evaluating Mr. Werstein's account of the New York City draft riots it is necessary to approach it from two points of view, that of the general reader and the historian. From the viewpoint of the general reader, the author, a free-lance writer, has succeeded in recreating the events of the draft riots in vivid terms. His picture of a city in turmoil is graphic and stirring and should have appeal for this audience. On the other hand, from the standpoint of the historian the author's efforts have been somewhat less satisfying. Creating dialogue, dramatizing incidents and inventing characters, as the author, in his preface, admits doing in some instances, reduces the historical value of this book. Furthermore, it is evident from the bibliography that Mr. Werstein has not used as many of the available source materials as the historian has a right to expect. Although the author accords proper recognition to the splendid efforts of Thomas Acton, President of the Board of Police Commissioners, who directed the police when the superintendent of the force was injured, in the interests of accuracy it must be pointed out that Mr. Acton was a lawyer by training, not a broker (p. 166), and his daughters had not "married well" (*ibid.*) by July, 1863, but in fact never married.

Smith & Wesson Revolvers: The Pioneer Single Action Models. By John E. Parsons. (New York: William Morrow & Company, 1957. [v] + 242 pages, illus., appendix, biblio., index. $6.00.)

Reviewed by Thomas J. McHugh, *Editor, American Society of Arms Collectors.*

With this book, Mr. Parsons continues his series of works on great names in the history of American firearms manufacture* and makes another notable contribution to the field of arms literature. Most significant is the fact that this volume has been written primarily from company records never before disclosed. Mr. Parsons was privileged to be the first outsider ever permitted to delve into correspondence files, books of account, shipping ledgers and invoices dating back to Smith & Wesson's very beginning. For the firearms collector, so much new material is offered that it amounts to almost a rediscovery of this company's formative years.

Making no attempt to cover in its entirety the hundred-year existence

* The other volumes are: *The Peacemaker and Its Rivals: An Account of the Single Action Colt* (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1950); *Henry Deringer's Pocket Pistol* (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1952); *The First Winchester: The Story of the 1866 Repeating Rifle* (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1955).

of Smith & Wesson, the author dwells only on the revolvers manufactured during the pioneer period—from the founding in 1856 by Horace Smith and Daniel B. Wesson to the mid-1880s, when the second generation of Wessons entered the firm. In fascinating detail, Mr. Parsons explores the years which saw the old-style single-action revolvers give way to the newer double-action models. For the first time, factual information is given on Smith & Wesson's involvement with Rollin White, his patent, and the resultant seemingly endless controversies. Equally replete with hitherto unknown data are the chapters on infringements, the famous American and Schofield model revolvers, and the fabulous contracts with the Russian Imperial Government.

Although principally a reference work for the arms enthusiast, the book contains much that is of interest to the non-collector. Eccentric inventors and Civil War notables come to life from dusty letter books, and colorful frontier characters offer an excursion in pure Americana. An exchange of correspondence between Daniel B. Wesson and one "Cimmarron" Beach from the Kansas cow country is truly delightful. Wrote the voluble Mr. Beach in one letter, "All the notorious desperadoes have your rev.[olver]. The notorious Hurricane Bill has a pair of your revolvers. He kills annually from 25 to 30 Indians." Then, having artfully laid the groundwork, he told of an approaching hunt for wild horses and of his need of a Smith & Wesson revolver; unfortunately, however, he was short of funds and proposed: "Now S&W, I am stylish—I want one of your Russian Model Smith & Wesson Revolvers 44 calibre. For which I will make this promise. I will send you as fine a wild horse as we take in the herd.... If you will send it on these terms, send immediately." Daniel Wesson sent the revolver but waited in vain for the horse.

Meticulously documented, and enlivened with a wealth of excellent illustrations, this volume is impressive proof of Mr. Parsons' superlative craftsmanship as an arms writer.

The American Heritage Book of Great Historic Places. By the Editors of *American Heritage.* Narrative by Richard M. Ketchum. Introduction by Bruce Catton. (New York: American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., in cooperation with Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1957. 376 pages, illus., index. $12.50.)

Reviewed by Robert G. Wheeler, *Director of Research, Sleepy Hollow Restorations, Tarrytown, N.Y.*

This volume is primarily a basic and elementary guide book to America's past. As such it has a statedly forthright purpose. To quote from the introduction by Bruce Catton, "This land [America] is very rich—not merely in material goods, but in history, in legends and great stories, and in the intangibles left by forgotten people who put their mark upon the development of a great nation." The book attempts, in limited space, to

catch this spirit of America's past and to set it forth. It is an ambitious project and, in a sense, it is successful. Much that has been and that is America is here chronicled in capsule form.

There are thumbnail sketches and vignettes of such assorted personalities as Franklin, Edward Teach, Billy the Kid, John A. Sutter. There are brief descriptions of events that produced such ringing phrases as "Don't give up the Ship," "We have met the enemy and they are ours," "Remember the Alamo." There is a discussion of the Utopias—the Zoarites, the Amana Society, the Rappites. There are the French missionaries, the Mormons, Episcopalians.

The reader may name practically any American subject and find some material on it: New England churches, the development of industry, the rise and decline of American canals, plantation architecture, wagon trains, cowboys and bad men, the battles of the Revolution and the Civil War, the mythology of the Hudson Valley, Spanish missions, clipper ships, the customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch, Indian mounds.

While the effect is kaleidoscopic and broad (though shallow), the text is orderly. The nation is divided into nine major sections, each treated as a geographically separate unit. There is New England, the Atlantic Gateway, the Appalachian Frontier, the Old South, the Great River, the Lakes and Prairies, the Great Plains, the Spanish Southwest, and the Furthest Frontier. Following each section is a map of that region, and a descriptive listing by State of historically important sites and collections. The 700 illustrations (of which 154 are in color) and 150,000 words of text describe 3,000 historic sites in all of the 48 States. The index is comprehensive.

The book has faults, and many of them. It tries, in one volume, to cover all of America—an overwhelming task. The illustration captions are not always sufficient to fully identify the subject matter and to indicate its significance. There are omissions in the subject matter that will annoy many local and regional historians, and equally annoying inclusions. Each individual reader will certainly act as his own editor and will have strong personal thoughts on what should have been presented, and what left out. Continuing research on the American scene constantly turns up new material leading to more accurate interpretations of the American past. The editors of this volume might profitably have consulted more fully with students in the American field and less with the political representatives of the various States.

For all of these faults, however, the book has balancing virtues. It is a sweeping narrative of America's history. It is decidedly readable. It is put together with a decorative style and color that appeals to the senses. While certainly not a definitive reference work, it is a painless review of the country's past that should encourage the nation's large traveling population to seek out historic sites and approach them with some background knowledge. It could, moreover, encourage detailed readings on American history.

New York City Guide and Almanac 1957–1958. Compiled and edited by New York University Press, Inc. (New York: New York University Press, Inc., 1957. 544 pages, index, maps and illus. $2.75; soft cover, $0.85.)

Reviewed by Martin Gross, *Member, The New-York Historical Society.*

The extraordinary complexity of such a great city as New York has made almost impossible the task of putting between covers an up-to-date guide to the metropolis. Street names change with bewildering frequency. The very face of Manhattan today resembles an archeological site, with strange half-formed structures and gaping holes inviting the maledictions of its citizens. The population shift is such that as quickly as half the populace moves to the suburbs, disillusioned earlier expatriates trek back to fill up the vacancies. Acknowledging the ephemeral nature of their subject, the editors of the *New York City Guide and Almanac* have tried with some success to capture the essence of New York City in almost 600 pages of crime statistics, recreation data, maps and street names, and lists of historical cemeteries. Not since the *Valentine's Manuals* and the WPA study of the '30s has there appeared a comparable work.

The one thousand subjects covered in this book include a digested history of New York, a sketchy summary of local government, a breakdown of the ethnic origins of the citizens, a superb listing of libraries, museums, consulates, schools and colleges, theatres, and publications, and a woeful résumé of tax information, told in heartbreaking detail.

The seven hundred and fifty illustrations, several of which have merit, furnish a welcome break from the mass of statistics and data. Portraits of local worthies, photographs of news events, and tiny illustrations of the city's mighty buildings complement the rather haphazard arrangement of subject matter.

Certainly the most commendable section of the *New York City Guide* is the collection of street maps. Over one hundred and thirty neighborhood maps, indexed with coordinates for every street in the five boroughs, provide an easy and quick reference to the peculiar geography of the city.

New Yorkers have long needed an annual guide of this nature and, though not a complete book of information, the *City Guide and Almanac* is a book that will answer many questions.

Good Old Coney Island. By Edo McCullough. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1957. viii + 344 pages, illus., glossary, index. $5.95.)

Reviewed by James J. Heslin.

As early as 1866 the statistics which so bemuse newspaper writers as they contemplate Coney Island were in evidence. In that year a reporter for *The New York Times* observed that on a single summer's day a

hungry crowd consumed ten thousand clams. Many years later, on July 3, 1947, two and one-half million people congregated at Coney Island to watch a combined air show and fireworks display. There was a time, however, difficult though it may be to imagine, when Coney Island was a wild stretch of seacoast frequented by few except the sturdiest lovers of nature and occasional fishermen or hunters—the latter in pursuit of rabbits and small game.

Originally, Coney was an island, at least by definition, since a modest line of water—Coney Island Creek—connected Gravesend Bay and Sheepshead Bay. Over the years man and nature combined to fill the creek, and Coney Island is now firmly united to Long Island.

In the first half of the last century the beach attracted many illustrious visitors. Washington Irving, Herman Melville, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster partook of the salubrious air at Coney Island and it does not seem to be recorded that their visits were anything but pleasant. On the other hand, James Gordon Bennett, publisher of *The New York Herald*, found the area ". . . objectionable . . . sandy, clammy and fishy." To balance this criticism Walt Whitman greatly admired the "long, bare, unfrequented shore. . . ."

After the Civil War Coney Island became more popular; perhaps, as the author suggests, because Americans were learning to play. By 1865 there was a railroad running to the beach and gradually hotels and restaurants were built to serve the growing number of visitors eager to enjoy the seashore. Unfortunately, from the late 1860s through the 1880s Coney Island also became a refuge for a lawless element and the outstanding rascal, in this otherwise gentle history, is John Y. McKane. It was McKane who introduced and protected criminals who sought the relative obscurity of the area and, in 1894 when he was brought to justice, *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* estimated that McKane had garnered over $500,000 by fraud and deceit. Regrettably, by this time Coney Island's reputation was considerably tarnished and, although horse-racing later attracted members of the social, sporting, and theatrical world back to Coney Island, McKane, in the author's view, had rendered a great disservice to the resort.

By 1920, with the extension of the subway, the third phase of Coney Island's history began. The nickel fare provided opportunity for thousands to escape the city heat; and thousands took advantage of the chance to do so. The relatively constant factor of city heat in the summer, plus a variety of other reasons, has raised Coney Island attendance into the millions at the present time and the author does not foresee a decrease in the numbers in the near future.

This is a delightful, informal social history, written with affection by a man whose family was, and still is, intimately connected with Coney Island. The illustrations are well suited to the text; there is an index, and for the uninitiated, a glossary of underworld and carnival slang.

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Rita Susswein Gottesman, *The Arts and Crafts in New York 1726-1776* (1938). xviii+450 pp., index, $3.00.

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